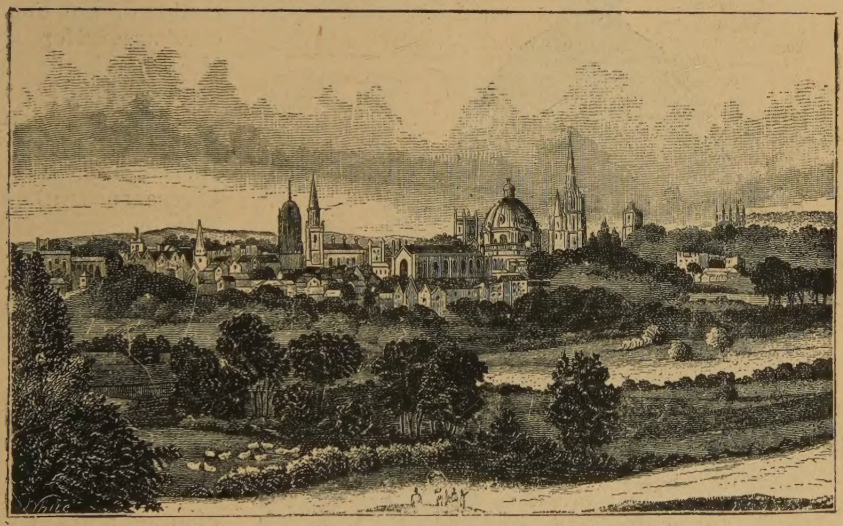
THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1895.

OXFORD AND HER COLLEGES.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.*



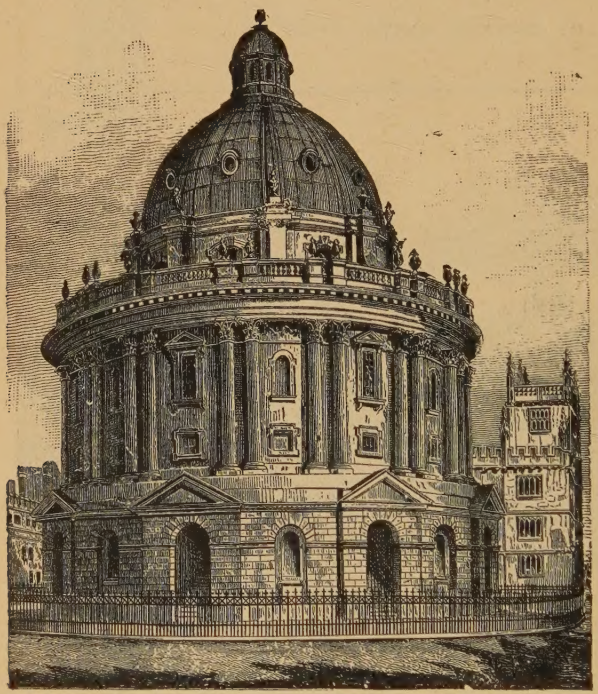
DISTANT VIEW OF OXFORD.

To gain an interesting and extensive view of old Oxford from a central point we mount to the top of the Radcliffe Library. We will hope that it is a bright summer day, that, as we come out upon the roof, the old city, with all its academical buildings lying among their gardens and groves, presents itself to view in its beauty, and that the sound of its bells, awakening the memories of the ages, is in the air. The city is seen lying on the spit of gravel between the Isis, as the Thames is here called, which is the scene of boat races, and the Cherwell, famed for water-lilies. It is doubtful whether the name means the ford of the oxen, or the ford of the river (*oxen* being a corruption of *ousen*). Flat, sometimes flooded, is the site. To ancient founders of cities, a river for water carriage and rich meads for kine were prime attractions. But beyond the flat we look to a lovely country, rolling and sylvan, from

* By kind permission of the author and of the publishers—Macmillan & Company—from Professor Smith's recent volume on this subject.—ED.

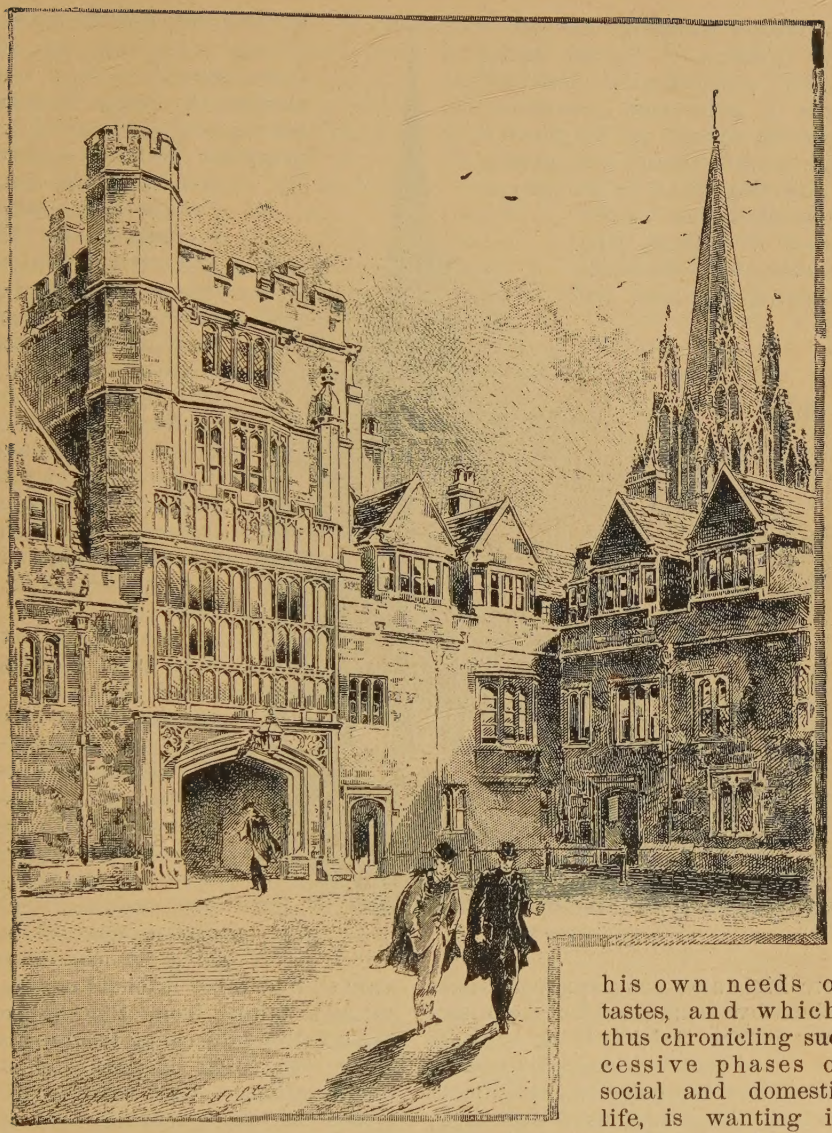
many points of which, Wytham, Hinksey, Bagley, Headington, Elsfield, Stowe Wood, are charming views, nearer or more distant, of the city. Turner's view is taken from Bagley; it is rather a Turner poem than a simple picture of Oxford.

There is in Oxford much that is not as old as it looks. The buildings of the Bodleian Library, University College, Oriel, Exeter, and some others, mediæval or half mediæval in their style, are Stuart in date. In Oxford the Middle Ages lingered long. Yon cupola of Christ Church is the work of Wren, yon towers of All Souls' are the work of a still later hand. The Headington stone, quickly growing black and crumbling, gives the buildings a false hue of antiquity. An American visitor, misled by the blackness of University College, remarked to his host that the buildings must be immensely old. "No," replied his host, "their colour deceives you; their age is not more than two hundred years." It need not be said that Palladian edifices like Queen's, or the new buildings of Magdalen, are not the work of a Chaplain of Edward III., or a Chancellor of Henry VI. But of the University buildings, St. Mary's Church and the Divinity School, of the College, buildings, the old quadrangles of Merton, New College Magdalen, Brasenose, and detached pieces, not a few are genuine Gothic of the Founders' age. Here are six centuries, if you choose to include the Norman castle, here are eight centuries; and, if you choose to include certain Saxon remnants in Christ Church Cathedral, here are ten centuries, chronicled in stone.



RADCLIFFE LIBRARY, OXFORD.

Of the corporate lives of these Colleges, the threads have run unbroken through all the changes and revolutions, political, religious, and social, between the Barons' War and the present hour. The economist goes to their muniment rooms for the record of domestic management and expenditure during those ages. Till yesterday, the codes of statutes embodying their domestic law, though largely obsolete, remained unchanged. Nowhere else in England, at all events, unless it be at the sister University, can the eye and mind feed upon so much antiquity, certainly not upon so much antique beauty, as on the spot where we stand. That all does not belong to the same remote antiquity, adds to the interest

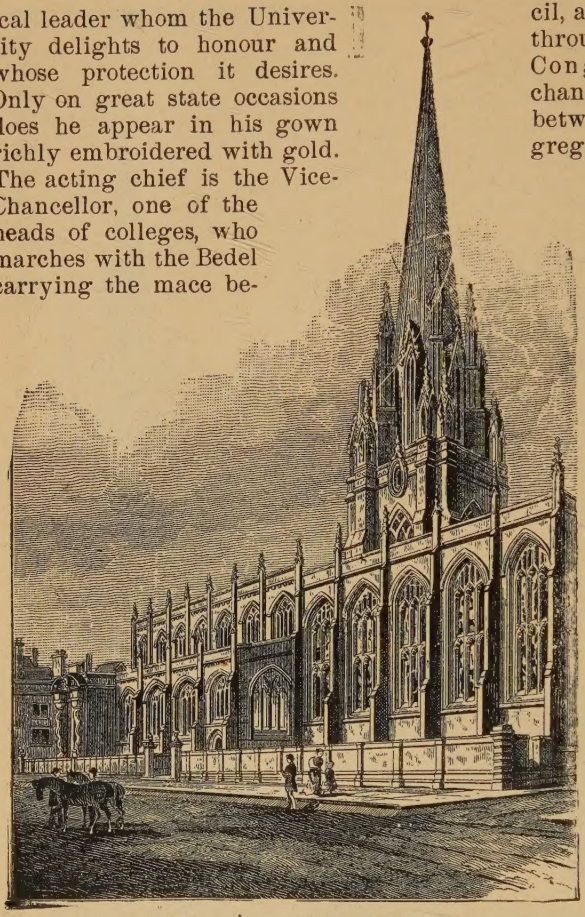


COLLEGE COURT AT OXFORD.

and to the charm. This great home of learning, with its many architectures, has been handed from generation to generation, each generation making its own improvements, impressing its own tastes, embodying its own tendencies, down to the present hour. It is like a great family mansion, which owner after owner has enlarged or improved to meet his own needs or tastes, and which, thus chronicling successive phases of social and domestic life, is wanting in uniformity but not in living interest or beauty.

Oxford is a federation of colleges. It had been strictly so for two centuries, and every student had been required to be a member of a College when, in 1856, non-collegiate students, of whom there are now a good many, were admitted. The University is the federal government. The Chancellor, its nominal head, is a non-resident grandee, usually a polit-

ical leader whom the University delights to honour and whose protection it desires. Only on great state occasions does he appear in his gown richly embroidered with gold. The acting chief is the Vice-Chancellor, one of the heads of colleges, who marches with the Bedel carrying the mace before him, and has been sometimes taken by strangers for the attendant of the Bedel. With him are the two Proctors, denoted by their velvet sleeves, named by the Colleges in turn, the guardians of University discipline. The University legislature consists of three houses,—an elective Council, made up equally of heads of Colleges, professors, and Masters of Arts; the Congregation of residents, mostly teachers of the University or Colleges; and the Convocation, which consists of all Masters of Arts, resident or non-resident, if they are present to vote. Congregation numbers four hundred, Convocation nearly six thousand. Legislation is initiated by the Council, and has to make its way through Convocation and Congregation, with some chance of being wrecked between the academical Congregation, which is progressive, and the rural Convocation, which is conservative. The University regulates the general studies, holds all the examinations, except that at entrance, which is held by the Colleges, confers all the degrees and honours, and furnishes the police of the academical city. Its professors form the general and superior staff of teachers.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

Each College, at the same time, is a little polity in itself. It has its own governing body, consisting of a Head (President, Master, Principal, Provost, or Warden) and a body of Fellows. It holds its own estates; noble estates, some of them are. It has its private staff of able teachers or tutors, usually taken from the Fellows, though the subjects of teaching are those recognized by the University examinations. The relation between the tutor's teaching and that of the professor is rather unsettled and debatable, varying in some measure with the subjects, since physical science can be taught only in the professor's lecture-room, while classics and mathematics can be taught in the class-room of the tutor. Before 1856 the professorial system of teaching had long lain in abeyance, and the tutorial system had prevailed alone.

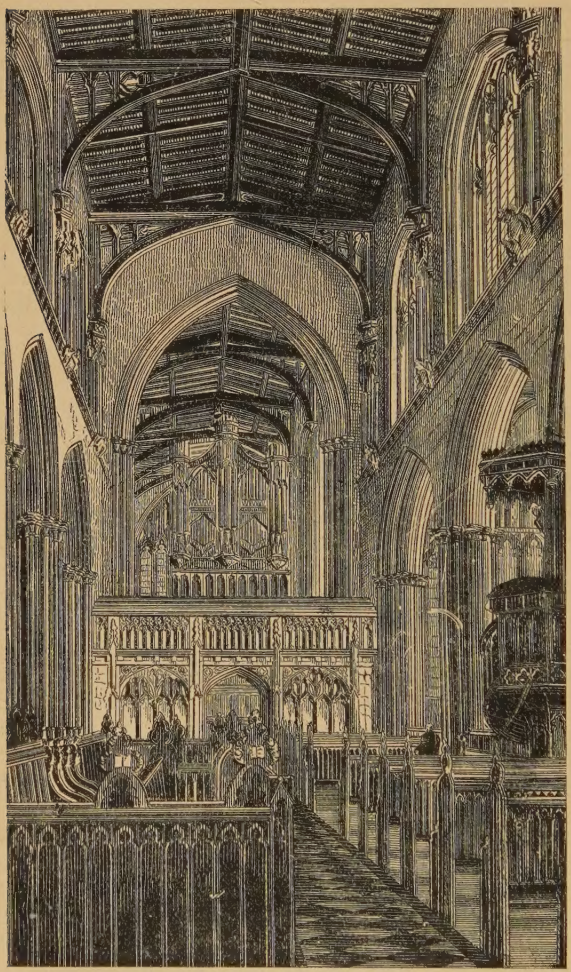
Each College administers its domestic discipline. The University

Proctor, if he chases a student to the College gates, must there halt and apply to the College for extradition. To the College the student immediately belongs; it is responsible for his character and habits. The personal relations between him and his tutor are, or ought to be, close. Oxford life hitherto has been a College life. To his College the Oxford man has mainly looked back. Here his early friendships have been formed. In these societies the ruling class of England, the lay professions and landed gentry mingling with the clergy, has been bred. It is to the College, generally, that benefactions and bequests are given; with the College that the rich and munificent *alumnus* desires to unite his name; in the College Hall that he hopes his portrait will hang, to be seen with grateful eyes. The University, however, shares the attachment of the *alumnus*. Go to yonder river on an evening of the College boat races, or to yonder cricket ground when a College match is being played, and you will see the strength of College feeling. At a University race or match in London the Oxford or Cambridge sentiment appears. In an American University there is nothing like the College bond, unless it be that of the Secret, or, to speak more reasonably, the Greek Letter societies, which form inner social circles with a sentiment of their own.

The buildings of the University lie mainly in the centre of the city close around us. There is the Convocation House, the hall of the University Legislature, where, in times of collision between theological parties, or between the party of the ancient system of education and that of the modern system, lively debates have been heard. In it, also, are conferred the ordinary degrees. They are still conferred in the religious form of words, handed down from the Middle Ages, the candidate kneeling down before the Vice-Chancellor in the posture of mediæval homage. Oxford is the classic ground of old forms and ceremonies. Before each degree is conferred, the Proctors march up and down the House to to give any objector to the degree—an unsatisfied creditor, for example—the opportunity of entering a *caveat* by "plucking" the Proctor's sleeve. Adjoining the Convocation House is the Divinity School, the only building of the University, saving St. Mary's Church, which dates from the Middle Ages. A very beautiful relic of the Middle Ages it is when seen from the gardens of Exeter College. Here are held the examinations for degrees in theology, styled, in the Oxford of old, queen of the sciences, and long their tyrant. Here, again, is the Sheldonian Theatre, the gift of Archbishop Sheldon, a Primate of the Restoration period, and as readers of Pepys' "Diary" know, of Restoration character, but a patron of learning.

University exercises used, during the Middle Ages, to be performed in St. Mary's Church. In those days the church was the public building for all purposes, that of a theatre among the rest. But the Anglican was more scrupulous in his use of the sacred edifice than the Roman Catholic. In the Sheldonian Theatre is held the annual commemoration of Founders and benefactors, the grand academical festival, at which the Doctorate appears in its pomp of scarlet, filing in to the sound of the organ, the prize poems and essays are read, and the honorary degrees are conferred in the presence of a gala crowd of visitors drawn by the summer beauty of Oxford and the pleasures that close the studious year. In former days the ceremony used to be enlivened and sometimes disgraced by the jests of the *terræ filius*, a licensed or tolerated buffoon whose personalities provoked the indignation of Evelyn, and in one case, at least, were visited with expulsion. It is now enlivened,

and, as visitors think, sometimes disgraced, by the uproarious joking of the undergraduates' gallery. This modern license the authorities of the University are believed to have brought on themselves by encouraging political demonstrations.



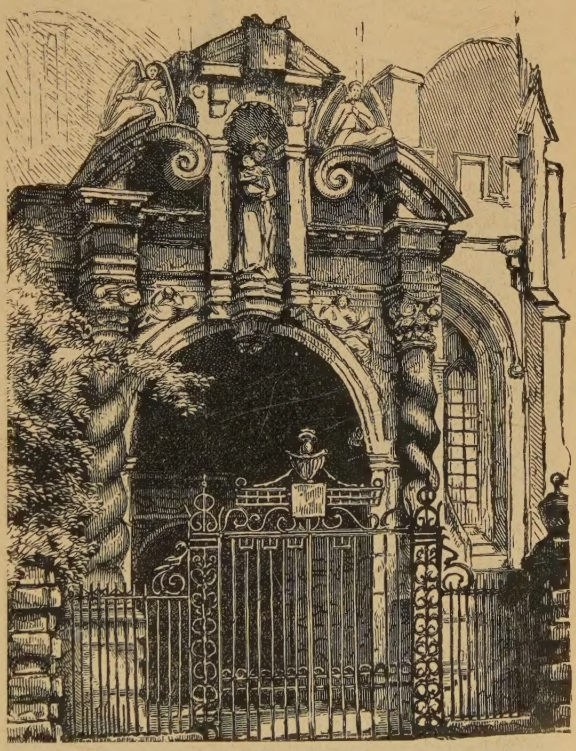
INTERIOR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

The Sheldonian Theatre is also the scene of grand receptions, and of the inauguration of the Chancellor. That flaunting portrait of George IV. in his royal robes, by Lawrence, with the military portraits of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia by which it is flanked and its gorgeousness is rebuked, mark the triumphs of the monarchs, whose cause had become that of European independence, over Napoleon. Perhaps the most singular ceremony witnessed by these walls was the inauguration of the Iron Duke as Chancellor of the University. This was the climax of Oxford devotion to the Tory party, and such was the gathering as to cause it to be said that if the roof of the Sheldonian Theatre had then fallen in, the party would have been extinguished. The Duke, as if to mark the incongruity, put on his academical cap with the wrong side in front, and in reading his Latin speech, lapsed into a thundering false quantity.

The Clarendon was built with the proceeds of the history written by the Minister of the early Restoration, who was chancellor of the University, and whose touching letter of farewell to her, on his fall and flight from England, may be seen in the Bodleian Library. There, are preserved documents which may help to explain his fall. They are the written dialogues which passed between him and his master at the board of the Privy Council, and they show that Clarendon, having been the political tutor of Charles the exile, too much bore himself as the political tutor of Charles the king.

In the Clarendon are the University Council Chamber and the Registry. Once it was the University press, but the press has now a far larger mansion yonder to the north-west, whence, besides works of learning and science, go forth Bibles and prayer-books in all languages to all quarters of the globe. Legally, as a printer of Bibles the University has a privilege, but its real privilege is that which it secures for itself by the most scrupulous accuracy and by infinitesimal profits.

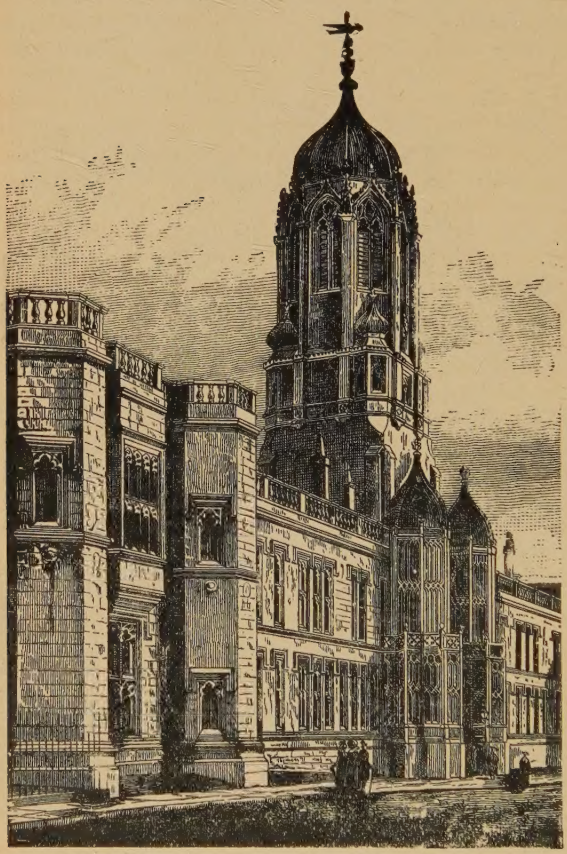
Close by is the University Library, the Bodleian, one of those great libraries of the world in which you can ring up at a few minutes' notice almost any author of any age or country. This library is one of those entitled by law to a copy of every book printed in the United Kingdom, and it is bound to preserve all that it receives, a duty which might in the end burst any building, were it not that the paper of many modern books is happily perishable. A foundation was laid for a University Library in the days of Henry VI., by the good Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, who gave a most interesting collection of books. But in the rough times which followed, the Duke's donation perished, only two or three precious relics being saved from the wreck. Sir Thomas Bodley, a wealthy knight and diplomatist of the time of James I. it was who reared this pile, severely square and bare, though a skilful variation of the string course in the different stories somewhat relieves its heaviness. In the antique reading-room, breathing study, and not overthronged with readers, the bookworm finds a paradise. Over the Library is the University Gallery, the visitor to which is entreated to avert his eyes from the fictitious portraits of founders of early Colleges, and to fix them on the royal portraits which painfully attest the loyalty of the University, or, as a relief from these, on Guy Fawkes' lantern.



GATE OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

Beneath the Library used to be the Schools or examination-rooms of the University, scenes of youthful hopes and fears; perhaps, as the aspirants to honours were a minority, of more fears than hopes; and at those doors formerly gathered the eager crowd of candidates and their friends to read the class lists which were posted there. But the examination system has outgrown its

ancient tenement and migrated to yonder new-built pile in High Street, more fitted, perhaps, by its elaborate ornamentation for the gala and the dance, than for the torture of undergraduates. In the quadrangle of the Bodleian sits aloft, on the face of a tower displaying all the orders of classical architecture, the learned



WEST FRONT OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

King and royal theologian. The Bible held in his hand is believed to have fallen down on the day that Mr. Gladstone lost his election as Member for the University of Oxford and set forth on a career of Liberalism which is now leading him to the disestablishment of the Church.

We stand on the Radcliffe, formerly the medical and physical library, now a supplement and an additional reading-room of the Bodleian, the gift of Dr. Radcliffe, Court Physician and despot of the profession in the times of William and Anne, of whose rough sayings, and sayings more than rough, some are preserved in his "Life." He it was who told William the III. that he would not have his Majesty's two legs for his three kingdoms, and who is said to have punished the giver of a niggardly fee by a prediction of death, which was fulfilled by the terrors of the patient. Close at hand is the Ashmolean, the old University Museum, now only a museum of antiquities, the most precious of which is King Alfred's gem. Museum and Medical Library have together migrated to the new edifice on the north side of the city.

But of all the University buildings the most beautiful is St. Mary's Church, where the University sermons are preached, and from the pulpit of which, in course of successive generations and successive controversies, a changeful and often heady current of theology has flowed. There preached Newman, Pusey, and Manning; there preached Hampden, Stanley, and the authors of "Essays and Reviews."

Oxford and Cambridge were not at first Universities of Colleges. The Colleges were after-growths which for a time absorbed the University. The University of Oxford was born

in the twelfth century, fully a century before the foundation of the first College. To recall the Oxford of the thirteenth century, one must bid vanish all the buildings which now meet our eyes, except yonder grim castle to the west of the city, and the stern tower of St. Michael's Church, at once the bell tower of the Church and a defence of the city gate facing the dangerous north. The man-at-arms from the castle, the warder from the gate, looks down upon a city of five or six thousand inhabitants, huddled for protection under the castle, and within those walls of which a fine remnant is seen bounding the domain of New College. In this city there is a concourse of students brought together to hear a body of teachers who have been led, we know not how, to open their mart of knowledge here. Printing not having been invented, and books being scarce, the fountain of knowledge is the lecture-room of the professor. It is the age of an intellectual revival so remarkable as to be called the Mediæval Renaissance. After the migrations and convulsions, by which the world was cast in a new mould, ensues a reign of comparative peace and settled government, under which the desire of knowledge has been reawakened. Universities have been coming out all over Europe like stars in the night; Paris, famous for theology and philosophy, perhaps being the brightest of the constellation, while Bologna was famed for law and Salerno for medicine. It was probably in the reign of Henry I. that the company of teachers settled at Oxford, and before the end of the thirteenth century students had collected to a number which fable exaggerates to thirty thousand, but which was really large enough to crowd the little city and even the bastions of its walls.

The buildings stand, to mark by their varying architecture the succession of the changeful centuries through which the University has passed. In the Libraries are the monuments of the successive generations of learning. But the tide of youthful life that from age to age has flowed through college, quadrangle, hall, and chamber, through University examination-rooms and Convocation Houses, has left no memorials of itself except the entries in the University and College books; dates of matriculation, which tell of the bashful boy standing before the august Vice-Chancellor at entrance; dates of degrees, which tell of the youth putting forth, from his last haven of tutelage, on the waves of the wide world. Hither they thronged, century after century, in the costume and with the equipments of their times, from mediæval abbey, grange, and hall, from Tudor manor-house and homestead, from mansion, rectory, and commercial city of a later day, bearing with them the hopes and affections of numberless homes. Year after year they departed, lingering for a moment at the gate to say farewell to College friends, the bond with whom they vowed to preserve, but whom they were never to see again, then stepped forth into the chances and perils of life, while the shadow on the College dial moved on its unceasing round.

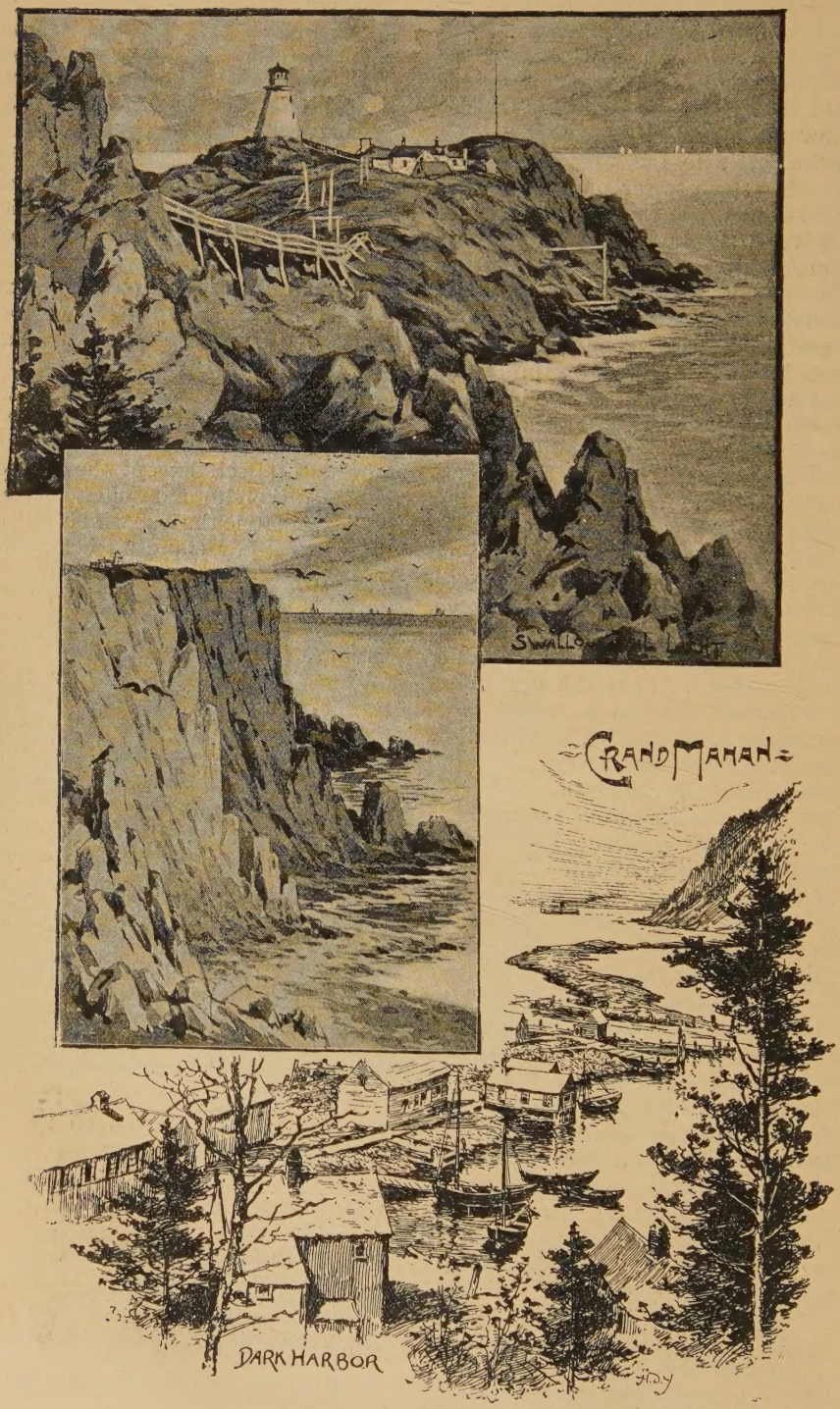
COMPENSATION.

Joy's fair flowers—in life's fresh morning
Fade they fast and die?
Thou shalt gather brighter blossoms
'Neath a purer sky.
Stars of hope that sparkled o'er thee—
Do their lights decline?
Falter not,—for straight before thee
Heaven's glories shine.

Toronto.

Darkly doth the tempest threaten?
Dost thou helpless stand?
There is One who can protect thee,
Stretch to Him thy hand.
'Neath His pinions if He hide thee,
Storms may cross the way;
Safely through them He will guide thee
Into cloudless day.

—*Amy Parkinson.*


GRAND MANAN
DARK HARBOR

OUR OWN COUNTRY.*

I.

Sunrise Land

We begin our survey of this broad Dominion with what has well been called "Sunrise Land," the romantic eastern seaboard of Canada.

For the extensive stream of tourists, who make Boston or Portland their point of departure for the Maritime Provinces, the facilities offered by the International Steamship route leave nothing to be desired. One sails within sight of one of the most romantic coasts in the world and is brought within easy reach of the bold and rugged scenery of the unique islands of Campobello and Grand Manan, which overlap upon Brother Jonathan's territory more than any other part of the British possessions. It is over thirty years since we made this coastwise trip, and the memory of Casco Bay, with its "Sunny Sporades"—365 in number, it is said—and of the rugged cliffs of Mount Desert and the romantic bays of Castine and Eastport has remained as a pleasant dream. We blend with our own recollections the graphic description of Mr. H. D. Young, the accomplished artist of the admirable sketches which accompany these articles.

Canadians have almost annexed this part of Maine, so many of them seek health in the unrivalled sea-bathing of Old Orchard and spiritual profit in its old-fashioned Methodist camp-meeting. Portland, too, is our winter harbour, and if Lord Ashburton had looked after his diplomatic duties as faithfully as did Daniel Webster, it would to-day belong to Canada.

As the great steamer threads the intricate navigation upon the boundaries of two great nations it is not difficult to recognize the pilot's skill. The glistening waters of Passamaquoddy Bay, says Mr. Young, are alive with schooners, trim yachts, busy ferry steamers and countless

*We are indebted to the courtesy of E. A. Waldron, of the International Steamship Company, for the use of the admirable cuts which accompany this article.

A SUMMER SEA.

small craft of every kind. Islands float in smiling content, revealing between their evergreen summits

distant glimpses of mountains and ridges of bluest sea. The eager eye beholds a mosaic of land and water in every direction. Northward into the heart of the St. Croix and the Chamcook Mountains; easterly, upon the fair bosom of Quoddy Bay, set with a hundred isles; easterly still and southward across the noble mass of Campobello and old ocean; still farther, to Grand Manan, that lifts its purple wall along the horizon,—everywhere, in all directions, new

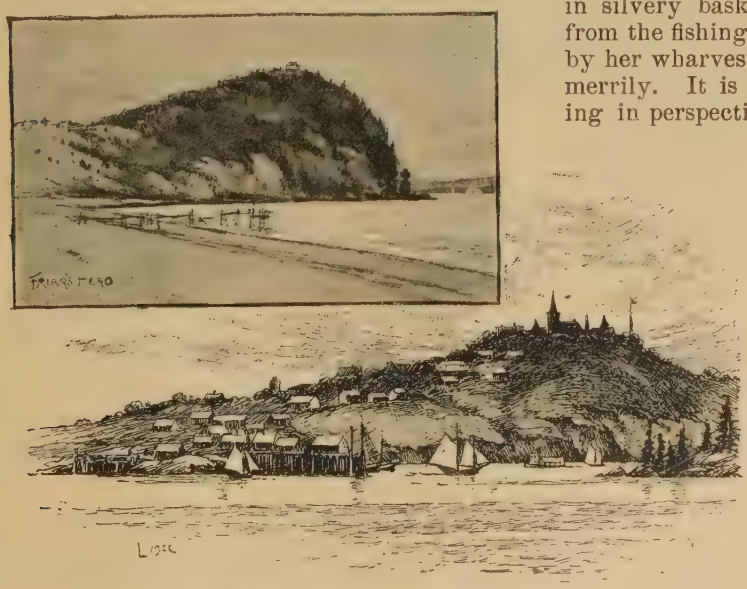
mysteries of land and water engage and captivate the beholder.

The wealth of these waters almost surpasses conception. At Eastport alone the output of smoked herring is two million boxes, and of canned sardines, so-called, three hundred thousand cases more.

At Campobello, one will visit, of course, the old Owen Manor House, the home of the Admiral Fitzwilliam Owen, to whom the island was granted in 1767, and whose burial by candle-light in the tiny family chapel was the fitting close to an eccentric life. Over the Friar's Head runs one of the most romantic bits of woodsy road in all Canada, to the lovely Cove and Lake of Glen Severn, a hundred alpine paths that cover like network the stupendous Eastern Head. Campobello is some eight miles long by three in width, is populated by about twelve hundred souls, mostly fisher-folk, many of whom retain the quaint flavour of their Scotch and Welsh ancestors. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells has written an appreciative little book on the island, and Arlo Bates makes it the

background for his story of "A Lad's Love."

From its natural ramparts far-reaching and exhilarating views open up, to landward and seaward, upon Quoddy's dancing, merry waters, and St. Croix's sweeping course. The same staunch little steamer that plies to Campobello also touches at Lubec. This quaint and altogether picturesque village is also given up to fish and fishing, and smokes and boils and oils its herring that come up in silvery basketfuls from the fishing boats by her wharves right merrily. It is striking in perspective, it



BITS OF COAST SCENERY.

is quite fascinating at short range, and, with its original characters, would seem to be only waiting for the pen of a Miss Jewett or Miss Wilkins.

Like some mighty fortress, says Mr. Young, whose description we borrow, is Grand Manan! its invulnerable walls looming purple in the distance. A name to conjure with, a spot fit for deeds of chivalry and daring, a challenge to the painter's

brush, an invitation to the naturalist, and to the worn and jaded body a haven of rest; home of the eagle and the gull, fog factory for all Fundy, playground for nature's moods, unspoiled by the conventions of modern summer resorts, this remarkable island demands attention.

A local steamer connects at Eastport with the International line, and in a short hour and a half lands passengers at Flagg's Cove, Grand Manan.

This trip is sure to arouse the enthusiasm of the most stolid, every mile of approach revealing fresh details of the stupendous cliffs that bound its whole northern side. The gray sails of the fishing fleets stand forth in strong relief against its sombre mass, and great clouds of spotless gulls swirl and float above its inaccessible eyries. Perchance you may see the Indians who dwell on Manan, performing their ingenious feat of shooting porpoises from their birch canoes, as unconscious of danger as the gulls dancing on the wave near by!

A few little groups of silvery gray huts, built by dauntless fishermen, may be seen clinging to the bits of pebbly shore that here and there border some indenting cove, settlements full of picturesqueness, and—ancient and fishlike smells. Dark Harbour, separated by a sand-bar or pebbly dike from the ocean, which rushes in through a narrow sluiceway, furnishes a natural trap from which the fishermen take vast quantities of herring. Money Cove, a little farther west, is another of the traditional haunts of Kidd; poor Captain Kidd, he did not believe in putting his wealth all in one bank!

As we run close to the shore, Bishop Rock stands forth prominently from the cliff, and just beyond lie the ugly reefs of Pemberton Point, named after the noble vessel that was driven to its doom here on a bitter January night. A moment later and a great wall of vertical cliffs bursts on the astonished beholder; these (the "Seven Days' Work" they are called) give the first real glimpse of Manan's strongest characteristics.

It is not easy in a few lines to

The St Croix and Passamaquoddy Bay
A COASTER
NOV '94
UP ST CROIX
FROM JOES POINT
ABOVE ROBBINSTON
CHAMCOOK MTS
AND ST ANDREWS

mention half the points of interest to be seen. No one should fail to visit the stupendous basalt cliffs of Southern Head, which is reached by a three-hour sail or drive and a few minutes' walk. Better yet, follow the entire shore from Southern to Northern Head, with its constant surprises. The dense woodland landscapes in the interior of the island, over which glimpses of distant shore and water are caught, are stimulative and suggestive in the highest degree, and to the true nature lover will prove one of the strongest attractions.

One should also cultivate the fishermen, saline types of great genuineness and originality, men who have been attracted here partly because of the freedom from competition, possibly by the romantic nature of the island itself.

The lighthouse-keepers of the island are men whom one wishes to know, well informed, sagacious, full of sea yarns, and full of courtesy as well. The one at Swallow Tail would attract attention anywhere for his splendid physique and military bearing. Horses are rare beasts on the island, and, as one has noted, you will be known by the animal you drive, the horse serving as a letter of introduction wherever you may go. The island of Grand Manan is about twenty miles long, with an average breadth of about five miles. It coast is deeply indented, affording numerous fine harbours. It abounds with valuable timber and has excellent facilities for ship-building. It has five villages, five churches, five saw-mills, about thirty stores, and 2,800 inhabitants. The numerous smaller islands lying south and east have become noted as the resort of Audubon, in his bird-studies of North America.

We have already found so much in this delectable region, it would seem that it must be well-nigh exhausted. Far from it! St. Croix still remains; rich in lore; richer still in charm of landscape and waterscape, significant as the water boundary between two great powers.

At Eastport, close connection is made with the International Steamship Line. Against the bold mounds of the Chamcooks are faintly seen a spire or two, and on a hill still higher a castle-like building which grows in prominence and detail as we approach, until recognizable as a summer hotel of fine proportions and ample size. The picturesque town, with its crumbling wharves and tiny lighthouse basking in the sunshine, is, as you will guess, St. Andrews. A sleepy old town it is, quaint and self-satisfied, its streets laid out with distressing regularity, but dotted here and there with relics of the past, suggestive of colonial days and the Royalists who founded it. One would naturally expect much of interest, historically, in this little town, but will be disappointed. It was once quite a shipping port, but other cities seem to have stolen its prestige away.

Its principal stock-in-trade at present is its marvellously pure and dry atmosphere, of which there is an inexhaustible supply of the purest and driest kind. Another and equally desirable article is its picturesque environment.

It is just here that Acadia, by the hands of Champlain and the Sieur de Monts, began its history, when in 1604 they planted a colony and a garden on this speck of dirt. The garden proved a failure, winter came, and with it suffering and absolute isolation from the land, so near at hand; sickness and death did their work, and spring saw the remnants fleeing to Port Royal.

It is the formation of the waters just named into the semblance of a cross that gave to the French a name for the river. The lighthouses of Spruce and Mark Points, set with their forest background, resemble playthings, and recall the "Noah's ark" period of our babyhood!

A pastoral and thrifty-looking landscape borders the stream as we approach Calais and St. Stephen, where every suggestion is of lumber, lumbering, and manufactures, which will explain very adequately the existence of such a considerable city. Attractive streets, fine churches, and a gem of a library make Calais, with its activity and eight thousand residents, the most important town or "border city," if you please, of the Pine Tree State. Howells might find here a bit of his Altruria, for Calais and St. Stephen refused to quarrel during the international disputes of 1812, so closely are their social and commercial interests united. To be sure, a customs official is stationed at either end of the covered bridge between them, and *sometimes* looks into your grip.

What is said of Calais is also true of this border town of New Brunswick, with the exception of its population, which is some three or four thousand less. In addition it has a large cotton mill, and also railway connection with the outer world; with St. John by the Shore line, with the vast areas of Maine and New Brunswick and Quebec by the Canadian Pacific. Lake Utopia and Falls of St. George lie some thirty miles eastward. This lake is especially rich in its colour variety, the bold ledges of red granite throwing up huge towers from the forests, or reflecting themselves in the dancing waters below, producing effects that are unique and striking in the extreme.

On steaming out from Eastport, one is introduced formally to the Bay of Fundy, that irrepressible body of water that is at once the terror and delight of the beholder. Of course, everyone who has learned his geography lesson knows about the "tides of Fundy," that climb thirty feet more or less twice a day nearly the year round, and create or wipe out whole river systems with each ebb and flow. Its impetuous currents crowd in by East Quoddy, as though hungry for the land whose estuaries and streams it so nobly fills.

ADVENTURES IN GREECE.

BY ZELLA CARMAN.

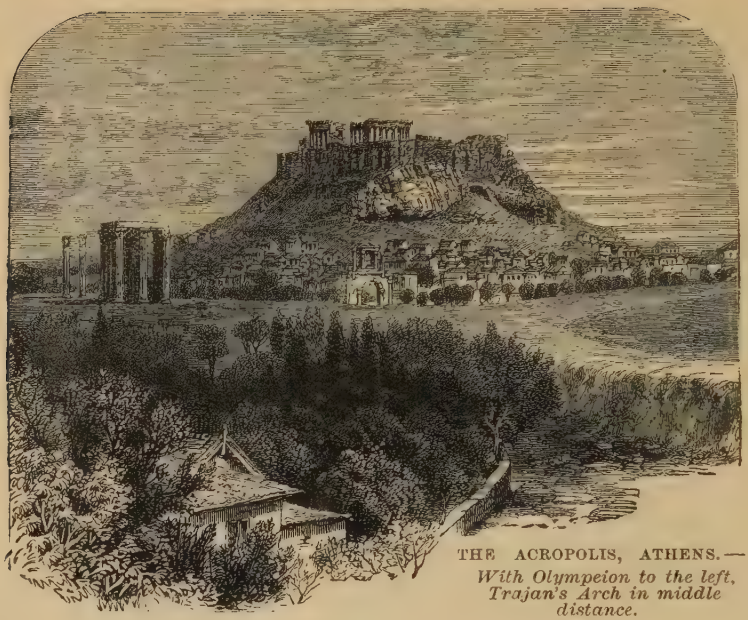
I.

THE PARTHENON.

THE OLYMPIAN ZEUS.

My nearest approach to an "adventure" in Greece occurred at the moment of landing at Piræus, the cause being the apparently unlikely one of the bunch of roses I wore. I had been told (and had forgotten) that no one is permitted to land carrying or wearing a flower, or even a green leaf, so great is their dread of introducing the Phylloxera amongst the vines that form the chief source of revenue. But how was one to remember an insignificent bunch of roses at the moment of first setting foot on these old classic shores,—even if it had been possible to remember anything amidst the clatter raised by the hundred disappointed boatmen who had tried to assist at the landing of our half-dozen passengers.

Left alone while the other members of the party attended to customs, etc., I became conscious of being the centre of very unfriendly observation which seemed uncalled for, until, following the glance of an especially malicious pair of black eyes near me, my own lighted upon my forgotten roses. It was all clear then. The roses were hastily snatched off and tossed into the water, and their guilty wearer endeavoured to assume an innocent expression and hide herself in the crowd.



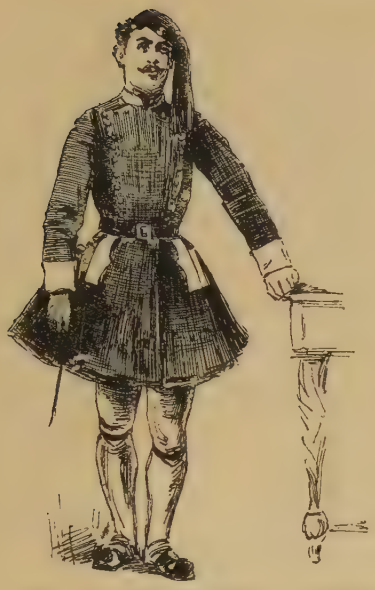
THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.—*With Olympeion to the left, Trajan's Arch in middle distance.*

Quite in vain, however, for a small man, in gorgeous uniform, rushed up with a stern command to stop apparently, and fiercely demanded something which I affected to believe was my passport. Fortunately the rest of the party appeared at this opportune moment, and, as I preferred not to explain matters, their extreme wrath and surprise at finding me in custody so impressed my captor that he unwillingly retreated.

As the culprit both then and afterwards maintained a discreet silence about that unlucky bunch of roses, the rest of the party left Greece with a lively impression of the discourtesy of the landing officials.

Piræus is merely a modern seaport town of thirty-four thousand inhabitants, interesting to travellers mainly as being the port of Athens. Some two thousand years ago they were connected by two parallel walls, each sixty feet high and broad enough for two waggons to drive abreast upon them; the object being to insure communication, even if a hostile army occupied the plain. The towers which were raised on the walls to serve as defence were turned into dwelling-houses as the population of Athens gradually increased. The two shining lines of steel, which follow nearly the same road now, probably attain the same end much more easily.

We preferred to drive the five miles, as the morning was charming, and we hoped to get a good view of the city as we approached it. In that we were disappointed, getting only one brief glimpse of the Acropolis, and losing it immediately upon entering the west end of the Rue d' Hermés. This long, narrow, straight street traverses the city from west to east; a perfectly commonplace commercial thoroughfare, which might be anywhere for any distinctive features it possesses. Its chief merit is that it leads to the Place de la Constitution, a beautiful square, radiantly bright and cheerful, and, as we soon learned, the centre of the social and outdoor life of the city. Whenever walking and sight-seeing became a weariness, as



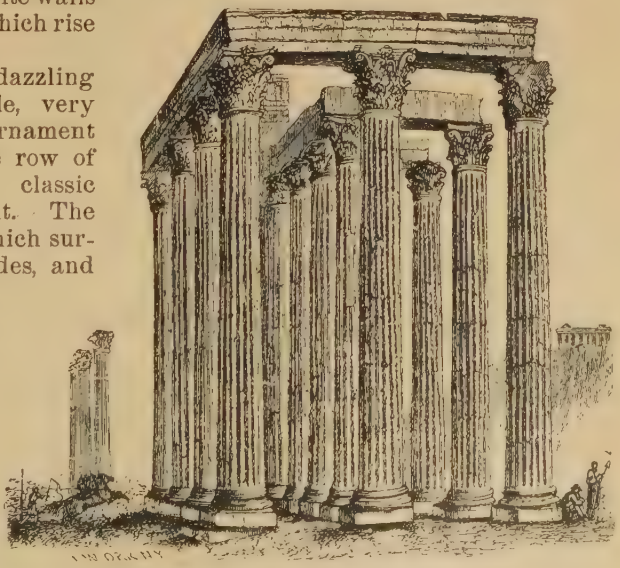
A GREEK SOLDIER IN NATIONAL UNIFORM.

they will, even in the city of Athena, then it was a delight to establish one's self cosily in one of our windows overlooking the square, and study it at ease. A lovely garden occupied the centre, its velvet turf and wealth of sub-tropical foliage in fine contrast to the white walls of the Royal Palace, which rise just beyond it.

The Palace is a dazzling pile of white marble, very large and devoid of ornament except for the noble row of Ionic columns with classic pediment in the front. The extensive gardens which surround it on three sides, and which finally merge into a splendid park of palms, cypress and stone pines, were laid out by the first Queen of Greece, who is still affectionately remembered as the "beautiful Amalie." These gardens are open to the public on three days in the week, and their shady walks and seats must be a great boon in the hot season. But in May the popular resort was still the Place de la Constitution, and it presented a very animated scene after four in the afternoon. Business seemed over then, and all classes collected here, in the easy, happy way they have in the lands of the South of taking an hour's innocent pleasure in the open air.

The square was filled with little tables and chairs; waiters from adjacent hotels and *cafés* flitted here and there serving coffee and sweets; a military band on the terrace in front of the Palace played sweet, unfamiliar airs that mingled pleasantly with the soft murmurs of talk and laughter, and we admired the pretty sight from our windows, and watched for curious costumes.

English dress prevailed, especially amongst the women, but, happily for lovers of the picturesque, many of the men retained the national Albanian costume, and are extremely vain of it, too, if one might judge from the self-satisfied air with which they paced to and fro across the



TEMPLE OF THE OLYMPIAN ZEUS.

square, the voluminous folds of the "fustanella," or kilt, being lifted by the knee at every step. It may have been simply the effect of the bobbing white skirt, but the gait was irresistibly funny.

It is a dress that affords unlimited opportunity for display of colour, for, though the tasselled fez is usually red, and the ballet-like fustanella white, the full-sleeved shirt may be any light colour; and the embroidered loose jacket with open sleeves varies from blue or purple to crimson, or even black velvet, according to the wearer's taste and purse. The girdle, garters and leggings are often of bright colours too, and, with the pointed, rosetted shoes, make up a curiously brilliant whole. The extra outer garment varied greatly, but was most absolutely incongruous when it took the form of an English overcoat, which it frequently did.

The soldier in the cut is represented with a simple belted uniform of one colour, but the members of Royal Guard whom we saw on duty wore the full white kilt, and although they certainly carried their swords and muskets as if they were used to them, they always conveyed the impression of having just stepped off the stage.

West of the Palace Gardens there is a wide green plain through which the Ilossos flows; and here, tradition says, it received the last subsiding waters of the Deluge. In gratitude for this deliverance (so the legend runs), Deucalion the father of the new race of mortals, built a temple to Zeus.

The spot was probably looked upon as sacred to the god, for there is authentic testimony that, in succeeding ages, three separate attempts were made to erect a great temple here in his honour. These attempts failed, owing to the changing fortunes of those turbulent times; and it was the Roman Emperor Hadrian, that prince of builders and art collectors, who completed a splendid temple, consecrated to the Olympian Zeus about A.D. 130. It was the second largest Greek temple known, 353 feet long and 134 feet broad, and possessed more than one hundred magnificent Corinthian columns. Sixteen of these are still standing, and the stately beauty of these fluted shafts of Pentelic marble that tower up sixty feet into the clear air gives some faint conception of the lofty proportions of the whole building. They are seen to great advantage in their isolated position, with no buildings near to intercept the view of the boldly sweeping curves of Mount Hymettos in the distant background.

But, even while we admire the Olympeion, our eyes turned always to the west, irresistibly attracted to the massive rock that rises precipitously three hundred feet above the plain, and bears its crown of marbles so proudly, even in their desolation.

Our first visit here was in the morning, but we went again one afternoon at sunset, when the cool breeze came softly up from the sea, and the whole western sky was aglow,

> "Not as in northern chimes, obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light."

The graceful columns of the Parthenon stood out in exquisite relief against a background of vivid gold, restored to all their perfect beauty in that transfiguring light, a brief vision that would henceforth justify to us its claim to be called "the most beautiful building in the world."

Half the charm of our wanderings about Athens came from the fact that we needed no guide except a good map. It was so delightful to *discover* things, and to linger over them when we had found them, in a manner that no self-respecting guide would have tolerated.

One of our first discoveries was the "Choragic monument of Lysikrates,"

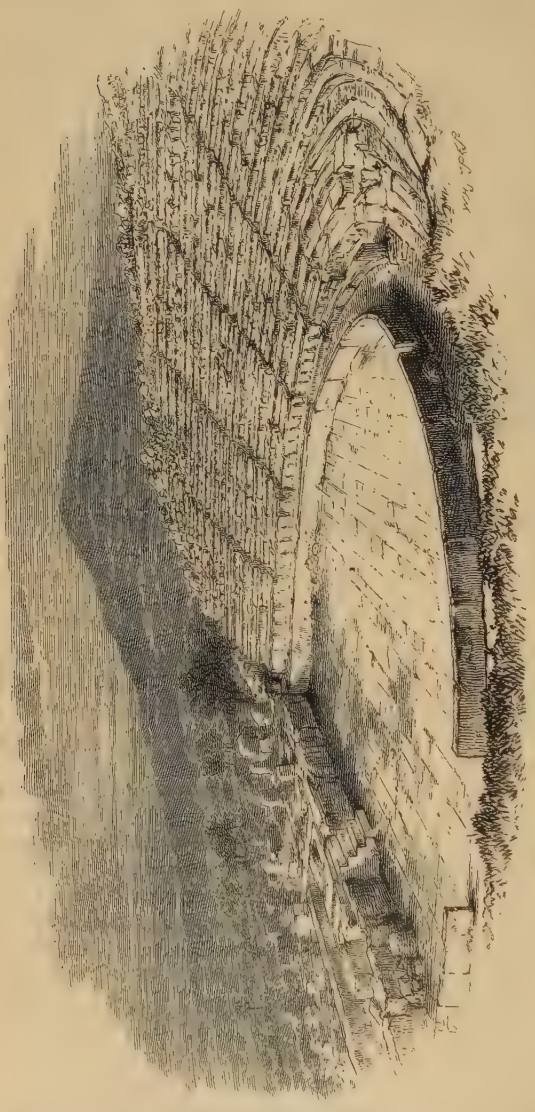
THE ACROPOLIS—THE PROPYLON (RESTORED)—FROM MARS' HILL, SHOWN IN LEFT HAND CORNER.

on the eastern base of the Acropolis. Truth compels the confession that I was not certain of the exact shade of meaning of "Choragic," but that did not interfere with my appreciation of the beauty of the dainty little marble structure, a miniature temple in shape, with exquisitely carved frieze and ornamental roof. It is so perfectly preserved that it was difficult to believe it had stood there for two thousand years, that it is, indeed, the oldest perfect specimen of Corinthian architecture; though it is proved by a perfectly legible inscription which fixes the date at B.C. 335. It was built to hold the tripod, or prize which Lysikrates won as choragos in the Dionysian festivities; and in the palmy days of Athens there was a whole street of these monuments, some of them bearing sculptures by Praxiteles. I have since learned that the choragos was the person selected by each tribe to manage the training and equipment of its chorus, and, as the rivalry was extremely keen, his berth was no sinecure.

Naturally, the next step was to visit the theatre of Dionysos,—about ten minutes' walk, though that ten minutes took us beyond the last houses, out on the quiet, sunny hillside. Here we found a great stone semicircle, following the natural upward curve of the hill in thirteen sections or "wedges"; an immense auditorium capable of seating thirty thousand people. It was in fact calculated to hold the whole *male* population of the city, though one authority says it was divided into three sections breadthwise; the lower for dignitaries and magistrates, the second for the common people, and the third (the gods) for women.

It is wonderfully preserved con-

sidering its exposure to the weather, and the fact that it was begun in 500 and finished in 381 B.C. Long before that time there had been a rude semi-circular space for the chorus and



THEATRE OF DIONYSOS, ATHENS.

a rough wooden stage for the actors, while the audience made themselves comfortable on the bare hillside, or on seats carved one above the other in its rocky sides. In those days the play was merely a village mummery or a wild revel in honour of the wine-loving god who was also the presiding deity of the drama.

As those crude representations developed gradually until they culminated in the masterpieces of Æschylus and Sophocles, so the theatre was improved to suit more refined needs; the upper seats were covered with Poros stone, the lower ones with Pentelic marble, which is even yet spotlessly white.

The carved marble seat of the Priest of Dionysos still occupies the post of honour, and above and behind it are several others still inscribed with the names of their owners. The large semicircular orchestra, occupied by the chorus, is intact, but the altar of Dionysos, which stood in the centre, has been removed, and now stands outside the theatre amidst a confused mass of broken columns that once formed part of its adornment. The altar is circular and has a carved garland, and, still more appropriate, heads of Silenus representing different stages of intoxication.

With merely a passing glance at the many other ruins on the way we went to the Acropolis. The ascent is made from the west side, up long flights of stone steps to the Propylæa or gateway, which occupies the whole upper west front of the hill, and is worthy to form the entrance even to the Parthenon. It is all of Pentelic marble, and its noble colonnades

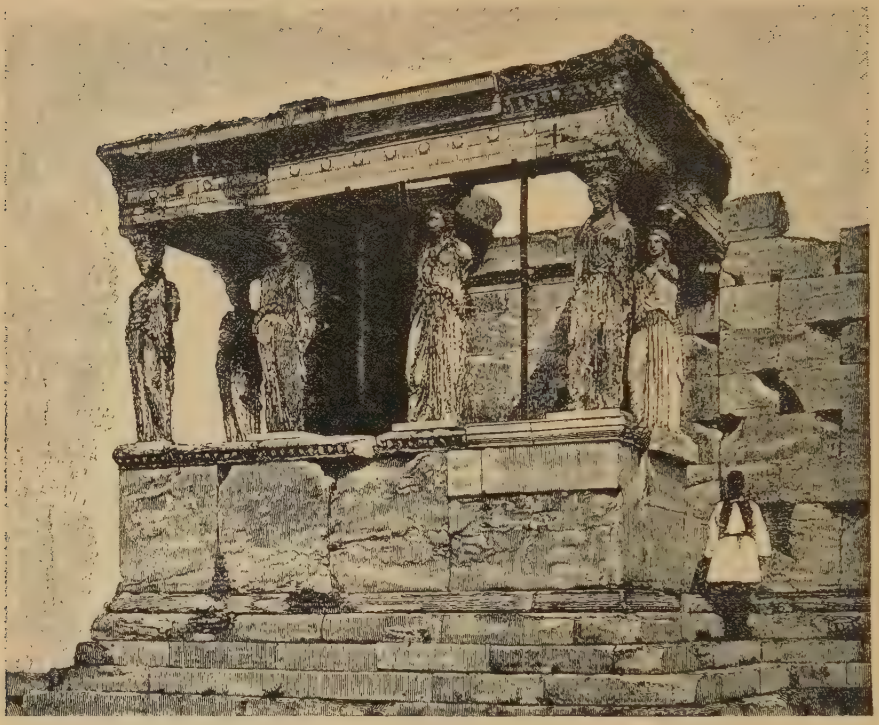
with their lofty pediments in this commanding position might well entitle it to be called "the brilliant jewel on the front of the conspicuous rocky coronet of the Athenian Acropolis."

The strongest emotion experienced when one stands for the first time on the summit of the Acropolis can scarcely fail to be one of profound sadness. There is, on every hand, such evidence of wanton destruction; and that, alas! of the noblest works of human genius—an irremediable loss; for the divine fire that burned in Phidias and Praxiteles has utterly gone out, and is, apparently to have no rekindling. It is felt now that the whole world is interested in the preservation of these matchless treasures of art and architecture; and it is difficult, at this day, to realize the spirit of ignorant vandalism which could work such irreparable loss for the mere purpose of destroying a few tons of powder.

A GREEK PEASANT.

This undying infamy belongs to the Venetians, who shelled the Parthenon in September, 1687, and, exploding the powder stored in it by the Turks, reduced it to its present condition. Not content with the mischief already done, the Venetian commander tried to remove the sculptures of the west pediment. They were let fall by his unskilful workmen and shattered on the marble steps. One hardly knows whether to mourn the destruction of a priceless work of art, or to rejoice that the robber reaped no profit. The whole surface of the Acropolis is strewn with ruins, mere broken bits of marble, for all that possessed any artistic value have been removed to the museum.

The Parthenon is situated on a raised platform on the highest point of ground, appropriately enough in right of its unrivalled grace and beauty of form and the unparalleled richness of its adornment; and also by reason of its consecration to Athena, the especial divinity of the



THE PORTICO OF THE CARYATIDES.

Athenians. Built by Pericles, under the supervision and with the assistance of Phidias, it was the masterpiece of the golden age of Athenian art and prosperity.

The present appreciation of the sculptures which enriched the frieze and pediments, may be inferred from the fact that the whole unoccupied surface of the Acropolis was excavated from 1889 to 1890, the workmen everywhere going down to bed rock; and when just at the close of the work they found a fragment of marble bearing a sculptured head which proved to be a missing part of the figure of Iris on the frieze, it was felt that that alone was a sufficient reward for the trouble and expense.

A small part of the frieze remains on the temple—a few slabs are preserved in the museum there, all the rest that have been found are in the British Museum in London.

Nearly opposite the Parthenon, on the north side of the plateau, is another temple, the Erectheion. Most of it is sadly ruinous, except a beautiful portico on the south side, which derives its name, "the Portico of the Caryatides" from the six figures of maidens that serve instead of columns, to support the roof. They are graceful figures in straight, simple draperies, and are full of vigorous life, all but one, which is a soulless copy in terra cotta of the original in the British Museum. We saw it there later, and to our prejudiced eyes it seemed strangely out of place—a very forlorn and purposeless figure indeed; and the hope arose that the spirit which returned the bronze horses of St. Mark's to their home in Venice might yet

A CARYAT.

prevail to restore this stray marble maiden to her sisters on the sunny Acropolis.

There is a miniature temple built out on a bastion at the south-west angle of the Acropolis, and here the sight-seer, who is steady of head, may walk cautiously around the platform to the west side, and feast his eyes on one of the most beautiful views the world affords. It was not the picturesque alternation of land and water, or lovely heights of "unconquered Salamis" and the wide stretch of blue sea to the south. All this would have been beautiful anywhere, but was a thousand times more charming here in this wonderful light, so clear, so all-pervading, so transparent, that every lovely colour was intensified —and then the matchless blue of the sea which no one who has seen the Mediterranean can ever forget.

By the time we reached Mars' Hill, on our way down, we were glad to sit on its rocky side and rest, while we tried to realize that our eyes rested on the very buildings that the great Apostle to the Gentiles saw when he stood here. And one, the one he must have faced, the temple of Theseus, cannot have changed at all. It is still in perfect preservation and hardly shows a sign of its twenty centuries except in the yellowish tinge of the marble

A GREEK WOMAN.

We completed our circuit of the citadel by making our way back to the west end of the Rue d' Hermés, and taking a *street-car* back to our hotel, conscious that it was an anachronism in this city of the past, but much too tired to be troubled about consistency.

SPEED ON.

SPEED on, O year, the time foretold.
By bard and minstrel sung;
Lead on the coming age of gold,
And give its praise a tongue;

So shall dissension's voice be stilled,
While strife and malice flee,
And earth's green hills and vales be filled
With sweetest charity.

A METHODIST STATESMAN—THE HON. H. H. FOWLER, M.P.*

BY W. T. STEAD.

HENRY FOWLER.

In the India Office sits the Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, M.P., Secretary for India. On his right hand, looking down upon him from the wall near the entrance, are a series of exquisite miniature portraits of the Great Moguls. On his left, from his capacious leather-covered chair the Wesleyan solicitor who is member for Wolverhampton, now exercising more than all the power of all the Moguls over a vaster territory than ever owned their sway, looks out over the parks and palaces of the great city which Lord Beaconsfield rightly declared to be "the key of India." A plain, unpretentious, sturdy, upright, middle-class Englishman, Mr. Fowler in the India Office is significant of much, among other things of the ascendency of the Black Coat over the Red, of the advent of the conscientious Nonconformist in the very central citadel of Imperial Power. For although the Indian Viceroy reigns in India, the Indian Secretary rules in Downing Street, and unassuming and unpresumptuous as Mr. Fowler may appear, he is the last man in the world to shrink from the necessary assertion of all the authority of his office.

But it is not of Mr. Fowler as Indian Secretary that I have to speak, but rather of Mr. Fowler, the President of the Local Government Board, and the author of the Parish Councils Act. As Indian Secretary he has still to earn his spurs. Mr. Fowler may or may not be a great Indian Secretary. Nothing that can happen in the future can rob him of the right to be considered a great administrative reformer. He was but a year and a half at the Local Government Board, but in that brief period he made his mark in every parish, in every union, and in every county of England. In face of unprecedented difficulties he succeeded in carrying through Parliament a measure, conferring for the first time upon all rural householders, without distinction of sect, sex, or station, an equal right to share in the administration of their local affairs. France, Germany, even Russia, were far in advance of England in the recognition of the civil rights of the rural householders Out of the midst of this chaos of anachronism and confusion Mr. Fowler set himself to evoke order and system, and to replace the slightly veiled oligarchy of the squire and the parson by the authority of the elected representatives of the whole nation. That he has succeeded, even his political opponents admit. How far and wide and deep will be the effect of his great measure of Local Govern-

* Abridged from the *Review of Reviews.*

ment Reform the future alone can show. But the Act itself as it stands, before it has been put into operation in a single parish, is sufficient to show the statesmanlike grasp of its author and the simplicity and consistency of its far-reaching provisions.

Mr. Fowler is one of the typical men whose character well deserves the attentive study of the political philosopher. In type of mind, in the serious cast of his thoughts, in his devotion to books, and his entire indifference to almost all the amusements of the average Englishman, Mr. Fowler bears considerable resemblance to his colleague and friend, Mr. Morley. The two men between them have inherited the mantle of John Bright, and upon them, and almost upon them alone, has fallen the burden of maintaining that fervour of moral indignation which was the distinctive note of the platform oratory of Mr. Gladstone. But between Mr. Morley and Mr. Fowler, these great twin brethren of the serious politician, there is almost as great a contrast as there is a resemblance.

The contrast, however, is superficial, the resemblance is essential. The difference between them is due almost entirely to their training. Mr. Fowler, the son of a Methodist minister, represents the result of practical Nonconformist upbringing, whereas Mr. Morley, the son of a Lancashire doctor, a graduate of Oxford, and a disciple of John Stuart Mill, is the product of influences very different from those of the Sunday-school and the class-meeting. The one is cast in the mould of the conventicle; the other, by nature not less religious, never enjoyed the austere discipline which compels the young Methodist to close personal contact and comradeship with the uneducated poor. A second great cause of difference between them is that Mr. Fowler was trained in municipal administration, whereas Mr. Morley spent his life in the study. The Nonconformist and the Mayor necessarily differed widely from the philosopher and the man of letters. If Mr. Morley had been the Mayor and Mr. Fowler the Saturday Reviewer, the result would probably have been to equalize the differences set up by their divergent religious creeds. But as the philosopher was the *littérateur*, while the Nonconformist served a long apprenticeship to the municipality, the difference between them widened.

Mr. Spurgeon once told me that Nonconformists were all Conservatives by nature, and that it was nothing but the rankling sense of injustice occasioned by the Establishment that kept them in the Liberal ranks. Hence he argued with considerable force that the most Conservative measure that party exigencies could conceive would be the Disestablishment of the Church. There is no doubt that there is a strong element of truth in what he said. As against anarchy, lawless violence and arbitrary plunder, Nonconformity is a Conservative force. The whole training of the Nonconformist makes him the most formidable foe of the Jacobin or Anarchist. He imbibes with his mother's milk an invincible prejudice in favour of the Ten Commandments, which alone is enough to make him worthless from the point of view of the criminal conspirator. Free from all superstitions as to the Divine right either of monarchs or of majorities, and supremely indifferent to the fetish of the law, if that law happens to be unjust, the Nonconformist is, nevertheless, unable to emancipate himself from the constant restraint of his own conception of Justice and of Right.

There are Nonconformists and Nonconformists, and the name of a Nonconformist who is also a municipal statesman naturally recurs to the mind. Mr. Chamberlain is a Unitarian, and Mr. Fowler is a

Methodist, and both of them have brought the bias and tendency of their respective sects into politics. Mr. Chamberlain as a Unitarian is more uncompromising than Mr. Fowler, who although one of the most liberal of Methodists, is nevertheless the spiritual child of the Wesleyan revival of the last century, and who by birth and re-birth sympathizes more with the established order than Mr. Chamberlain. But both men, despite those differences of detail, are typical of English dissent. The sense of rectitude, of honesty, and of fair dealing which is more or less ingrained in the English nature, is made the object of special culture in Nonconformist Churches; and in these changeful times of unrest and of revolution, the presence in our midst of an exceeding great multitude trained to regard their conscience as king, even in the midst of party strife, is one of the most important, if not the most important, of the securities which England possesses against shipwreck and disaster.

The other great Nonconformist who obtained Cabinet rank—the first, indeed, of the three—was Mr. Bright, and in many respects he bore more conspicuously the mark of his spiritual up-bringing than either Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Fowler. The three men, however, are sufficiently distinctive in character to be accepted as among the best types of the Churches to which they belong. John Bright the Quaker, Henry Fowler the Methodist, and Joseph Chamberlain the Unitarian, constitute a significant addition to the ranks of English statesmanship in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. To these may be added Mr. W. H. Smith, who, although he became a Churchman, had his character moulded and his life shaped in a Methodist home. It is worthy of note that Mr. Fowler and Mr. W. H. Smith were both members of Great Queen Street Chapel at a time when the Rev. Joseph Fowler was the senior minister of that Cathedral of Metropolitan Methodism.

Mr. Fowler was not only a Methodist, he was born in the purple, having been the son of a Methodist minister, and a minister, too, of sufficient note to occupy the responsible position of secretary to the Conference. The son of a Nonconformist minister is of necessity born poor, and enters the world by way of the school of adversity. Yet it is noteworthy that in the Cabinet there are to be found no fewer than three Ministers who are what in Scotland would be called "Children of the Manse." Lord Herschell, the Lord Chancellor, was the son of a Congregational minister; Mr. Bryce, President of the Board of Trade, the grandson of a Presbyterian minister; and Mr. Fowler, the son of a Methodist minister. Mr. Asquith, although the son of a Congregationalist, is not a "Child of the Manse." Another characteristic of the present Ministry is, that it is composed very largely of North-countrymen. In this Mr. Fowler resembles the majority of his colleagues.

He was born in Sunderland; but the life of a Methodist minister being more or less that of a pilgrim who has no abiding city in any part of the world, he can hardly be regarded as a North-countryman other than by birth. He was educated at Woodhouse Grove School, an institution maintained exclusively for the sons of Wesleyan ministers; he afterwards went to the Newcastle Grammar School, and finished his school education under Dr. Sharpe, of St. Saviour's, Southwark. He now sits for the Midland borough of Wolverhampton, of which town he has been a resident, and to whose service he has dedicated his life.

The fact that he was not educated at any of our great public schools may explain the lack of that keen interest in field sports and athletics

which is characteristic of most of our public men. Mr. Fowler has always been a man of the study rather than of the fields. In this respect he is almost as bad as John Morley, whose indifference to amusement otherwise than by meditation, music, and reading, is notorious. Mr. Bright was a devotee of salmon fishing; Lord Spencer is, or was, Master of the Hounds; Mr. Balfour, who has long been a devotee of golf, is now learning the delights of cycling, and there are few among our public men who do not take that more or less keen interest in manly sports which is a characteristic of the race; but Mr. Fowler is nowhere so much at home as in his own library, and he would prefer a book by his own fireside in the bosom of his family, to all the delights of the turf, the chase, or the field.

From his youth up, young Fowler was fired by the ambition natural to a young man in his circumstances. It was the dream of his youth to go to the Bar, and in his waking dreams he aspired to the Woolsack, which a young man, the son of another Dissenting minister, was ultimately to occupy. In mapping out his future, young Fowler calculated upon graduating at one of our universities, but the death of his father rendered it impossible for him to gratify his juvenile ambition. It was a great heart-break to him—possibly the disappointment which he felt the most keenly in his life—when he had to give up all thought of a university career and all hope of going to the Bar. Instead of going to the university and eating his dinners at Lincoln's Inn, he was articled to a solicitor; little dreaming that when he betook himself to the lower branch of the legal profession, that he was destined to be famous as the first solicitor in England who ever entered the Cabinet of Her Majesty.

Whether as solicitor or as barrister, it became him to do with his might whatever work lay ready to his hand, and as young Fowler was a demon for work, a peripatetic reservoir of human energy, he soon made his way. For the cultivation of readiness of speech, self-possession, quickness of perception of the points in discussion, there are few schools more efficient than such a home as that in which he was brought up, where public affairs, in the shape of the concerns of the local chapel or of the general Connexion, are continually being debated, as if they were—as in truth they are—part and parcel of the domestic affairs of the household. Then it came to pass that he was admitted as a solicitor when he was only twenty-two, and in time became a member of the firm of Fowler, Perks, Hopkinson and Co., of Clement's Inn, and Fowler and Langley, of Wolverhampton.

From this time onward, Wolverhampton became the centre from which Mr. Fowler was destined to work. It was not exactly an ideal Utopia, nor can it be said to be like another famous city, "the joy of the whole earth." It is, however, the only city in the Black Country which can, even at a distance, vie with the leadership of Birmingham, and it has always maintained a character of its own for independence and public spirit. Into the local life of this Midland capital young Fowler threw himself with characteristic energy; he was elected to the Town Council and became alderman before he was thirty, and in 1863, when he was only thirty-three years of age, he was elected mayor of the borough. He was at that time the youngest mayor in England.

Mr. Chamberlain in Birmingham, and Mr. Fowler in Wolverhampton, each represents the new and rising school of municipal statesmen of whom we have subsequently had a perfect nest in the London County Council. They were the pioneers, and first familiarized the British

public with the fact that in our municipal life there were opportunities for the training of statesmen, certainly not in any way interfering with the ordinary curriculum of the diplomatic or military service, from which in old times cadets used to pass to the Legislature. Mr. Fowler admired Mr. Chamberlain, and the two emulated each other in all good works; but in one respect Mr. Fowler differed from his Birmingham contemporary. The difference was characteristic of the temperaments of the two men. Mr. Chamberlain believed that it was absolutely necessary to subordinate municipal life to political partisanship; or, as he would put it, it was necessary to use the engine of party government in order to regenerate municipal life. This, being translated into practical English, meant that in Mr. Chamberlain's day the whole of the municipal administration of Birmingham was vested in the hands of the Radicals.

Mr. Fowler, on the other hand, went upon exactly the opposite tack. He maintained, as he still maintains, that it is a mistake to subordinate a great question of civic government and municipal administration to the issues of national politics with which very often they are very remotely connected. "Where you find a good man and a true, a capable man, and one who is ready and willing to do good service to his fellow-citizens, that man," said Mr. Fowler, "should be elected, all considerations of party and of sect notwithstanding." This principle he always carried out, and to the strenuousness with which he has insisted upon regarding local government as distinct from national party issues is largely due the success which has attended his greatest administrative achievement —the establishment and the passing of the Parish Councils Act.

Although active in public service, busily engaged in his own profession, Mr. Fowler never ceased, nor has he to this day ceased, to take an active interest in the welfare of the great denomination within which he was born. His father, the Rev. Joseph Fowler, occupied a very distinguished position in the Connexion. When Mr. Fowler was a boy it was quite an established article of faith in many Methodist circles that there was something ungodly in political life, and such a portent as the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes in those days would have seemed to a very large number of Methodists nothing short of an apparition of Antichrist. In the midst of such a conservative and reactionary generation, the Rev. Joseph Fowler shone forth as a pillar of light. He was a man of education, broad views, of unimpeachable orthodoxy, and such a general favourite, that after being secretary of the Conference, he would certainly have been elected president, but for his unfortunate and premature death. It was from him that Mr. Fowler inherited that stalwart Liberalism that has always distinguished him ever since he first took part in political life. His mother came from a Conservative camp. In the Connexion Mr. Fowler took his fair measure of denominational work, and exercised a steady and constant influence in favour of the liberalizing of a denomination much in need of it. He represented the Wesleyan laymen. He is perhaps at this moment the typical Wesleyan layman, and as such took a leading part in the efforts that had been made to open the Conference to the laity.

In all religious and moral questions he has taken a prominent part, and to him the country owes a debt of gratitude for the constant manner in which he has supported Mrs. Butler in her long struggle against the official patronage and regulation of prostitution. In England, and in any other democratic country which is in a healthy condition, the manifestation of efficiency in local administration leads to trans-

fer sooner or later to the House of Commons. Mr. Fowler was no exception to the rule. Although refusing to subordinate municipal to national issues, he had always taken an active part in political life, and in 1880, when the great Liberal revival took place which resulted in the discomfiture of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Fowler was elected as colleague of Mr. Villiers, the aged Nestor of Liberalism.

A long practice of public speaking in the town council had given him fluency and address and a choice of diction which he turned to good account in the House of Commons. His maiden speech on the Burials Bill and another speech in favour of the exclusion of the bishops in the House of Lords attracted the attention of John Bright, and one or two other speeches on similar subjects soon led to his recognition in the House and in the country as one of the coming men of the party. He devoted himself with great assiduity to the mastery of the business of the House, he paid special attention to questions of legal and local government reform, and in the discussion of the Irish Land Act and the Coercion Act, more than once indicated his readiness on occasion to take up an independent although strictly friendly attitude to the Liberal Government. After being appointed first to serve on one commission and then on another, he made his *début* as a Liberal official by becoming Under-Secretary to the Home Office in 1884.

In 1885 he was returned at the head of the poll for Wolverhampton, and on the re-constitution, in 1886, of the Liberal party on a Gladstonian and Home Rule basis, he became Financial Secretary to the Treasury, serving an apprenticeship, in which he distinguished himself so much that people began to think he was certain to be Chancellor of the Exchequer in the next Liberal administration. When the Home Rule Bill fell, and Mr. Fowler with the rest of his colleagues went into exile in the wilderness of Opposition, he kept up his spirits and kept on fighting with the best of them, his equable spirit and stalwart resolution being as a pillar of strength to his colleagues. Mr. Fowler is an old-fashioned financier, and he disapproved of the financial arrangements of the Free Education Bill and of the Naval Defence Bill. Mr. Fowler's criticisms on the Naval Defence Bill were exclusively financial, but he refused the post Mr. Gladstone had offered him in the Admiralty on the ground that he knew nothing about the Navy, and he has never set himself up as an authority on subjects of Imperial defence.

While he was a hard hitter, Mr. Fowler never hit below the belt, and has always expressed the greatest distaste for all personal attacks. No cause is gained, in his opinion, by attributing unfair or untrue motives to those who are opposing them. This attitude of mind is the political counterpart of his religious standpoint. Although Mr. Fowler is a devout Methodist, he has always been on sympathetic terms with men of the most diverse religious creeds. There is about him nothing narrow. He has counted amongst his friends men of so diverse a character as Canon Liddon, Cardinal Manning, Archdeacon Farrar, John Morley, Dr. Dale, and Bishop Fraser. He has constantly recognized, both publicly and privately, the fact that his own party can lay no claim to the monopoly of all the virtues that exist in public life. This spirit of toleration and of sympathetic appreciation of the differences of standpoint of his opponents has led some to declare that he was a Mr. Facing-both-Ways, who could always be relied upon to compromise a principle or evacuate a position which had become inconvenient to hold. Such are the accusations which intemperate ignorance always finds ready to hand to hurl

against practical men who are more concerned about attaining their end than upon securing triumph for the particular organization or tactics by which they have sought to attain it.

There was no mistake among his own colleagues as to the nature of the apparent disposition to compromise, and it was nevertheless recognized in 1892, when the general election once more placed the Liberals in office, that Mr. Fowler would occupy a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone promptly verified this expectation by placing Mr. Fowler at the head of the Local Government Board, with instructions to take in hand the passing of the Parish Councils Bill through Parliament. For this task Mr. Fowler's previous training and equable and well-balanced mind were peculiarly qualified; he set to work at once with a will, and soon made himself master of the subject. As President of the Local Government Board he was at the head of one of the most important administrative bodies in the United Kingdom.

When the great change took place and Mr. Gladstone handed over the reins to Lord Rosebery, Mr. Fowler took no part in the brief but somewhat fierce intrigues which followed. All that he did was to insist that at whatever cost, under whatever leader, the party must hold together. Mr. Fowler placed his portfolio unreservedly at the disposal of his colleagues. "Make of me what you please, put me where you choose. I am ready to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, if so be that thereby I can more usefully serve my party." As a result of the change of offices that followed, Mr. Fowler became Secretary for India. At first he demurred, doubting whether the training of a municipal administrator in the Midlands was sufficient qualification for the office which holds the gorgeous East in fee. But his scruples were overcome, and Mr. H. H. Fowler went to the India Office, where he remains at this moment.

A hard worker in the House and in his office, Mr. Fowler has always found his best recreation in the change of work, and such relaxation as he needs in reading in the bosom of his family. One who knows him well says that Mr. Fowler understands most thoroughly how to work, but unfortunately for him he is utterly ignorant how to play. His devotion to his study is so great that he is apt to forget the necessity for physical exercise and the need for occasional relaxation. He is as domestic as Mr. Gladstone. He married a daughter of Mr. Thornycroft, a Midland ironmaster, and his wife and children have always been his favourite companions. His son has acted as his private secretary, and both his daughters have shown that they possess distinct literary gifts. His eldest daughter has published a book of poems, "Grave and Gay," while his second daughter, confining herself to prose, has contributed many charming papers to periodical literature, dealing chiefly with child life.

Such in brief and hurried outline is the story of the career of one of the most universally respected members of the new school of Liberal middle-class statesmen. His life story is not so romantic, nor is his personal character as full of light and shadow as that of some brilliant adventurers who have climbed from the lowest rung in the social ladder to where they were able to swagger in the foretop of the State. Mr. Fowler was never quite at the bottom. He may never be quite at the top. Whether near the bottom or the top, he was never a swaggerer, and never could be accused of any conduct inconsistent with the character of a shrewd, cautious, solid, conscientious Englishman, with a passion for work, inexhaustible, quiet, good-humoured, and quite a genius for getting his own way.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

BY REV. S. P. ROSE, D.D.

THE Moravian Church is an object lesson to all Protestant Christianity in missionary zeal and liberality. Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop is authority for the statement that the Moravians "have one missionary out of every sixty of their members." The other Churches of the United Kingdom have but one missionary out of every five thousand. Were Great Britain equally zealous and sacrificing she would have two hundred thousand toilers in the regions beyond, and spend yearly £20,000,000 in the world's evangelization, instead of the pittance of £1,500,000 which she now contributes.

Surely a Church which sets so illustrious an example to all other Christian bodies merits a wider recognition and more careful study and imitation than she has ordinarily received. It is impossible to read the story of her sacrificing toil and holy triumphs without feeling the rebuke which her enthusiasm gives to Protestantism in general. Nor is it possible to read this story aright without receiving a fresh impulse and inspiration to obey Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

I respond very cordially, therefore, to the request of the Editor of the MAGAZINE that I should write in these pages on the history of Moravian missions. More than the briefest outline is impossible, for the history of Moravian missions is the history the Moravian Church. The subject-matter of this article is derived from a volume of lectures.* "One of the Courses on Foreign Missions, delivered at the Theological Seminary, Andover, and to the Theological Department of the Boston University." One cannot help rejoicing at the good fortune of the theological students who listened to lectures so inspiring and helpful, nor wishing that our own theological schools might make provision for a similar course of lectures before the candidates for the ministry of Canadian Methodism.

That we may make a closer acquaintance with the Moravians, or United Brethren, than most of us enjoy, it is necessary that we should journey to Central Europe, where, fifty miles from Dresden, we shall find Herrnhut, the denominational centre of the Church. Herrnhut is a village of one thousand inhabitants. We are at once impressed with its "order, simplicity and neatness," and with the "almost Sabbath quiet" that "pervades the place." The prayer of wise Agur seems to be answered in reference to the villagers, for we detect signs of neither poverty nor riches. Making our way at once to the Brethren's house, we enter the building where the unmarried male members of the community, some thirty in number, reside. Here several aged and worn-out missionaries have found refuge. The Sisters' house is larger and more pretentious. Though we find Brethren's and Sisters' houses we must not suppose that Moravianism encourages monasticism. No vows are taken by the inmates of these establishments, the liberty to withdraw from them being carefully guarded.

The articles of belief to which the Brethren subscribe are almost identical with those accepted by all Evangelical Churches. Dr. Thompson tells us that "they eschew the habit of dogmatizing and do not cultivate theological acumen. Controversy and obstrusive speculation on religious

* Moravian Missions, Twelve Lectures. By Augustus C. Thompson, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

subjects they repudiate. . . They do not accept all the sentiments, and least of all certain vagaries found in the writings of Count Zinzendorf."

The Moravians enjoy the unique distinction of being "the only Protestant Church that subsists as an organic unit throughout the world." Presbyterio-Episcopal in its constitution, the affairs of the Church are conducted by boards, while the body as a whole is governed by a General Synod, meeting, at intervals of about ten years, in Herrnhut. The religious life of the Church is said by those who know it well to realize, in a good measure, "the true conception of primitive Christianity." Renouncing worldly vanities, they nevertheless escape the errors of asceticism. The commonplace duties and labours of life are made to contribute to spiritual refreshment. The hidden life is nourished by sacred song, hymns being provided for the various experience of life, as "cradle hymns, hymns for travelling, and, before the distaff became obsolete, spinning hymns."

Their religious services are slightly ritualistic in character, the ritual, however, being characterized by brevity and a limited number of formularies. The chief festivals of the Christian year are observed, and besides these, memorial days, commemorative of noteworthy events in their own ecclesiastical history, are marked and duly celebrated. The United Brethren have ever exhibited diligence in providing proper educational facilities for their young people. Notwithstanding the fact that a good education is so general among Moravian communities, their contributions to literature have been comparatively few, arising largely from the fact that their aim has been the edification of each other in spiritual life rather than the attainment of a reputation for scholarship.

The early life of the Church was passed amid the flames of persecution. The history of the Moravian Society contributes a thrilling page to the story of martyrology. Sixty years before Martin Luther nailed his immortal theses to the door of the Castle church, the persecuted and proscribed followers of the heroic Huss assumed the name of *Unitas Fratrum*; the occasion of the acceptance of this denominational title being "the formal union (1457–60) between Moravians, Bohemians and Waldenses." The union had not been reached without a knowledge of the bitterness of persecution; it was followed by a "trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonments: they wandered in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth," thus earning for themselves the name of "Pitmen" or "Burrowers."

We may not linger over the story of the baptism of fire which visited these true-hearted Christians in the days of the denomination's infancy. It is enough to say, that after various and fierce trials, in consequence of which "public Protestantism was extinguished," the small remnant feeding their faith upon the doctrines and promises of the blessed Book, which was hidden perchance "in a cellar, in a hole in the wall, in a hollow log, or in a space beneath the dog-kennel," and ministered to by pastors who, at the risk of their own lives and the lives of their congregations preached the truth as it is in Jesus, led by Christian David, himself a convert from Roman Catholicism, found a haven upon the estate of Zinzendorf. A site was selected, and here, on June 17th, 1722, the first tree was felled, and the new settlement began, "one hundred years after the destruction of the old Moravian Church in Bohemia and Moravia."

To this settlement the name Herrnhut, the "Lord's Watch," was given, and thither the faithful Brethren made their escape. Here a "Renewed Church" found its centre of operations, and from this little vil-

lage, "an almost invisible point" on the map of Europe, a stream of holy and sacred influences has issued for which all lovers of righteousness are grateful. Out of much tribulation, having passed through the fire of four distinct persecutions, the Renewed Church was born.

Reference has twice been made to Count Zinzendorf. He occupies so large and influential a place in the history of the United Brethren that we must turn aside for a little to study his personality. Dr. Thompson forcefully says: "First-rate men are a formative power in their times; second-rate men are formed by their times. No great movement in society or in church takes place without a superior mind to lead and give it shape." Judged by this law, Zinzendorf undoubtedly belongs to the rank of "first-rate men," among whom we may class William the Silent, Whitefield, the Wesleys, Howard, Clarkson, and others who have become immortal by reason of their noble deeds and holy lives.

It has been wittily said that he is a happy man who selects his parents wisely. Count Zinzendorf was well born. He could trace his descent for twenty generations. The founder of the illustrious Austrian house from which the Count sprang was Ehrenhold. Zinzendorf's grandfather, "for conscience sake," left home and wealth and country and entered the service of the Elector of Saxony. Zinzendorf owed much of his early religious training to Baroness Van Gersdorf, whose castle was but a league from Herrnhut, and to whose care he was chiefly left upon the occasion of the second marriage of his mother. The Baroness was a devout and exemplary Christian, and under the influence of her training the young Count early developed a remarkable passion for piety.

In his school and college days he exhibited a zeal for godliness, which though somewhat ascetic, not to say pharisaical in character, was in strong and pleasing contrast to the age in which he lived, and at eighteen he was so much of a theologian that he volunteered to mediate between the contending theological schools of Wittenberg and Halle, and but for the probably judicious action of his private tutor would have undertaken a task for which his years scarcely qualified him. Extensive travel followed his college life, and amid its temptations he was not only kept unspotted from the world, but constantly exercised himself in all godliness.

Yielding to the pressure of his relatives he entered the service of the King of Saxony, accepting the position of Justicial Counsellor at Dresden. Here he lived after the fashion of Daniel, sternly rebuking the sins of the dwellers of this modern Babylon. With the love that "seeketh not her own," when the time came to enter formally upon the possession of his father's inheritance, he waived his rights to sums due on certain of his estates, and, purchasing Berthelsdorf, became lord of the manor in 1722. Following the resignation of his place at Court, the Count gave himself to good works. The congregation of United Brethren, to whom reference has been made, were regarded by him as "a parish destined for him from eternity." His guiding hand is traceable in the usages and spirit of the early Moravian Church. The Brethren found their way to his estate during his absence therefrom, and were welcomed by him on his return as the sent of the Lord.

In 1737, Zinzendorf became their bishop. The duties of the office were by no means easy. The fugitive colonists were of different nationalties and somewhat conflicting views and interests. He proceeded much on the same plan which Wesley afterward pursued, aiming not at the organization of a new sect, but at the gathering together of "little circles or communities of renewed per-

sons—*ecclesiolæ in ecclesia*, an Israel within Israel." Zinzendorf's labours were apostolic in character and extent. His doctrinal system was more adapted to arouse the emotions than to cultivate and satisfy the reason. The physical sufferings of Christ were unduly forced into the forefront and an infectious fanaticism ensued. But the period of religious insanity was only temporary, and its evils have been so successfully corrected that we may well afford to forget them.

Every Methodist knows the story of John Wesley's debt to the Moravians, from whom he received not only personal quickening, but likewise, through his visit to Herrnhut, the suggestion of practices still obtaining amongst us, as for example, love-feasts and class-meetings. But Zinzendorf and Wesley were not intended to work together. Both were born to rule, and neither could readily accept the leadership of the other. Nor is there reason to regret this. A lesser man than John Wesley, a "second-rate man," would have been absorbed by the Moravian Church. That would have resulted in the loss of the greater movement out of which our Methodism was born.

Zinzendorf was a prolific author. He may also be spoken of, in the terms of Dr. Thompson, as "the Charles Wesley of the United Brethren and of Germany in his time." Like other great men, leaders in religious movements, his spirit and conduct were often misunderstood and misrepresented. Baseless lies were circulated concerning him, but he maintained throughout the entire period of his life a sweet, Christian spirit and temper. Acting under almost constant excitement, thinking quickly and deciding promptly, disposed to regard obstacles to the perfection of his plans as foes of righteousness, he doubtless made occasional errors and fell into marked eccentricities. But he was more willing to confess and correct his errors than he was capable of committing them.

It is natural that we should find in Count Zinzendorf a man of much prayer and strong faith. Does God ever use anyone for the best work who is not? The most notable characteristic of his life is his intense, unfaltering, unquestioning loyalty to Jesus Christ. Dr. Thompson well says of him: "Unostentatious in spirit, his life dramatic, he was the Protestant Loyola of that day."

The feature of his life in our present interest centres in his connection with the evangelistic enterprises of the Moravian Church. He was seized of the missionary spirit from the very beginning of his remarkable career. At ten years of age he had formed a society known as "The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed." One of the avowed objects of this association was "to seek the conversion of others, both Jews and the heathen." While the Almighty was inspiring this youth with such genuine and remarkable missionary spirit, He was likewise preparing a society of Christian believers to give effect to the young man's noble purposes and longings. The modern Moses and the later Israel were brought together in 1722, and Herrnhut became "the cradle of missions."

So possessed was the good Count of missionary fervour that he made his marriage contributary to this great result. In days when the world's evangelization was not even a dream to the Church at large, this man stood loyally by the Master's marching orders, and led forth a small company to attempt great things for the King and in His name.

The year 1732 is an epochal year in the history of nations. It gave birth to the first President of the United States, George Washington; to Lalande, the famous French astronomer; to Haydn, the celebrated composer. But of no less interest or importance was the birth of the first

foreign mission of the Moravian society. Ten years subsequent to the formation of the settlement at Herrnhut, this poor people, with a total ecclesiastical population of six hundred souls, old and young, established their first mission. The first missionaries were sent to the West Indies. The story of this enterprise reads like a romance. When Count Zinzendorf was in Copenhagen, upon the occasion of the coronation of King Christian VI., his attendants formed the acquaintance of Anthony, a negro servant of Count Lauervig.

Anthony had a sad tale to tell of the religious destitution of the Africans in St. Thomas, and was especially solicitous that his sister should receive a knowledge of the truth. Anthony visited Herrnhut shortly afterwards, and two young men were independently fired with the desire to preach the Word in these regions beyond. Leonhard Doher, a potter, and David Nitschmann, a carpenter, were the young men's names. Their financial outfit was a trifle over three dollars apiece, and their earthly possessions consisted of a bundle which each of them carried on his back! So great was their zeal for souls that they were ready to become slaves that they might preach the Gospel to those to whom they believed themselves sent.

Doher and Nitschmann reached St. Thomas after much effort and some disappointment. On their way thither they made influential friends, among whom was the Princess Amelia, of Copenhagen, who gave them, unasked, money for their journey and a Dutch Bible, by means of which they formed an acquaintance with the language which the negroes spoke amongst whom they were to labour. Their message was received with exceeding joy. The blacks clapped their hands with delight when they learned that eternal life was not the special heritage of the favoured whites.

In apostolic fashion these noble men sought to support themselves while breaking to others the bread of life, Nitschmann by working at his trade as carpenter, Doher acting for a while as tutor to the children of Governor Gardelin, a position which he abandoned for conscience' sake, as too comfortable and making too large demands upon his time. That he might practise self-denial and prosecute his mission more successfully, he acted as watchman on neighbouring plantations for a year and four months, the solitary missionary on the island (his companion having returned home by previous arrangement, leaving his small earnings with Doher). One evening, as he sat by his watch-fire, three men stood before him. They had come from Herrnhut to preach the Word on that and the neighbouring island of St. Croix. Doher was recalled to Germany that he might act as general elder at Herrnhut.

Opposition to the work soon became pronounced. Intercourse was forbidden between slaves and missionaries, the latter being cast into prison, whither they went singing triumphantly, "Mercy is our guide; mercy prepares the way. Hope opens the prospect of future bliss. Be firm! be firm!" Ignorant of the persecution which had been awakened, Count Zinzendorf arrived at St. Thomas with reinforcements. His presence seems to have had a salutary effect, as the missionaries were liberated the next day. The anger of those opposed to Christianity was speedily directed against the Count, whom they were happily unable to injure. While engaged in his work in the West Indies, Zinzendorf wrote the hymn which John Wesley's translation has made so familiar, beginning—

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness."

We cannot follow the story of missionary effort on behalf of the Danish West Indies at greater length. Persecution, misrepresentation, the early

deaths of devoted heralds of the cross are recorded; but with these came great blessing, so that at the close of the first century 13,339 persons had been admitted to the communion.

Moravian missions in Jamaica merit more than the passing mention now possible. The Moravians were invited to Jamaica by two English Christian proprietors. But though attended by outward circumstances of comfort the work in Jamaica was comparatively fruitless when contrasted with that on the Virgin Islands. The blessed results of missionary toil on this island in preparing the slaves for the emancipation in 1807 must not, however, be forgotten.

In 1734, mission work was begun upon the Rio de Berbice, in Africa. Amid disheartening opposition and discouragement the work was prosecuted and extended, with what result may be judged from the somewhat recent testimony of a planter, who, being asked if any improvement had been effected by missionary toil, replied: "Formerly we could hardly procure ropes enough on Monday for punishing those slaves who had committed crimes on Sunday, twenty, thirty and even more being hanged; but since the Gospel has been preached to them, scarcely two are hanged in the whole year, and these, for the most part, are strange negroes who have not been long on the island." It should be remembered in this connection that "not until the third decade of the present century could a beginning be made in the work of negro education," and when the wretched condition to which slavery reduces its victims is kept in mind, the value and character of the work accomplished by the Moravians become more apparent.

The year following the establishment of missions in the West Indies the Moravian Church pushed out her labourers into the Arctic regions, and a mission to Greenland was begun. In 1733, Christian David, "the leader of emigrants from Moravia, who felled the first tree at Herrnhut," accompanied by two cousins Stach, set out for Denmark, on their way to the frozen north. With no earthly store, and troubling themselves very little with the question how they should reach their destination, they went forward in the name of the Lord. "How do you propose to procure food in Greenland?" they were asked. "By the labour of our hands and God's blessing," was their heroic reply.

Reaching what an English explorer, John Davis, has called the Land of Desolation, where "the great ice rivers of Switzerland" are "dwarfish beside Humboldt's glacier, which has a breadth of sixty miles," whither they had been preceded by the cultured and faithful Danish missionary, Egede, from whom they received a cordial welcome, our Moravian heroes began their work. They proclaimed their message to men and women to whom "life is a mere struggle for existence," and whom environment had made phlegmatic, "as if their constitution had been touched with frost." The trials the missionaries endured are almost indescribable. When starvation threatened them, the Eskimos refused to sell them food. "Your countrymen," the natives often protested, "must be worthless people, since they send you nothing, and you will be fools if you stay here."

In the fifth year of toil and sorrow, nearly sixteen years after the arrival of the first missionary, Egede, in Greenland, the first well-defined instance of conversion occurred. One day a Moravian missionary, John Beck, is copying out a translation of the gospels, "when a company of native Southlanders . . . call and wish to know what is in that book." The story of the redemptive work of God through Christ is told, and one of their num-

ber, Kaiaruak, accepts the salvation thus presented. From that hour the work made progress, until in 1881 the native membership reached the noble number of 1,545. Well has William Cowper sung of Moravian courage and faith as exhibited in the planting of these mission fields:

"Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a Polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains and in eternal snows."

The Moravians were equally heroic and prompt in the establishment of missions in Labrador. The triumphs of the Gospel amongst the diminishing people of this sterile region have been marked. In 1763, owing to the cruelty of the Eskimo pirates, navigation was unsafe along the Labrador coast, and no Europeans dared to pass a night among the natives. Now hospitality characterizes the people, who have been transformed from savages into Christians. No longer are the aged and infirm put to death, but are cared for with true-hearted love.

We have left ourselves no space to tell the story of Moravian missions to the North American Indians. In the epochal year in missionary annals, 1734, a mission to America was decided upon. That from so small a Christian community, in the very heart of far-away Germany, men should come to this continent to rescue the perishing red men is surely something to remember, and to rebuke the indifference and languor of modern and wealthy religious bodies in our own time. The first American mission was established in Georgia, whence the Brethren were driven by the military unrest of the province and the pressure brought upon them to bear arms, in direct opposition to their cherished principles. Withdrawing to Pennsylvania, the Moravians, strengthened by reinforcements from Herrnhut, carried the good news of salvation to the nations of different sections of the country, rewarded by success in soul-winning, and opposed, as such valiant soldiers of Jesus Christ are sure to be, by the emissaries of the kingdom of Satan. It is a singular commentary on present day tolerance that the Assembly of New York passed an Act intended for the suppression of the Moravians and other "vagrant teachers among the Indians." Such convincing testimony was given, however, to the happy results of the labours of the Brethren, that the British Parliament felt called upon to interfere in defence of their liberties.

One name, sadly unfamiliar even to those tolerably acquainted with the literature of missions, deserves to be held in lively remembrance by all by whom truth and love and heroism are counted noble things, the name of David Zeisberger, "the John Eliot of the West, the Apostle of the Delawares." It was in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, that this native of Eastern Bohemia was smitten with conviction of sin and found peace in believing. His conversion was accompanied by his consecration to the work of the world's evangelization. Having mastered the tongue of the natives, for whose salvation he was to toil, he "was adopted by the Iroquois, and enrolled in the clan of the Turtle; afterwards was also naturalized by the Monseys." Receiving from Count Zinzendorf the appointment of perpetual missionary to the Indians of America, Zeisberger gave himself up without reserve to his work. Never was apostle more fully consecrated. Whither his flock travelled he went, enduring severe hardships and refusing to receive the very modest stipend which the Moravians were accustomed to pay their faithful laborers.

In addition to his almost ceaseless effort on behalf of his adopted people he rendered valuable service as government interpreter, and was

instrumental in preventing at least one Indian war. He did good work as an author, contributing materially to "the development of the Delaware language and the Onondaga dialect of the Indians." He reached the great age of eighty-eight, having spent sixty-two years in missionary toil. Great peace triumphed over great pain in his last hours. The adult Indians of Goshen, "the last Indian town founded by Zeisberger," where his later years were spent, sang songs of triumph by his bedside, and when they knew that he was dead, sobbed aloud. Dr. Thompson well says of him: "Estimating a missionary by the courage, skill, devotedness and perseverance shown, and by the privations enduaed, David Zeisberger's name is entitled to a place of honour among those who head the long roll of evangelical worthies."

I must, unwillingly, omit all reference to the missions of the Brethren to South Africa, Australia and Central Asia. Neither may I dwell upon the characteristics of their work, but close this inadequate sketch in the words of Dr. Thompson, to whose charming and inspiring lectures I renew my expressions of obligation for the facts here given:

"If all Protestant Churches had been equally devoted, equally enterprising, for the last century and a half, not an unevangelized man or woman would now remain on earth. The stream has been small, but unfailing and pure, and it has fertilized many a desert. Other communions have here 'a little sister' who hath done what she could; the perfume of her alabaster box hath filled the house; the possibilities of poverty and paucity of members have been demonstrated. This quiet fidelity in missionary toils has been a silent rebuke and a stimulus to Protestant Christendom; it has been a noiseless and not fully acknowledged motive-force in the subsequent endeavours of other communions in behalf of the heathen. But what one of them in modern times has exhibited such enfranchisement from self-seeking and such persistent loyalty to Christ's final order? Is there not urgency upon us too? Let the dead of the past and of the present bury their dead. Would that at the head of every great division of the sacramental host there might be a sanctified Barbarossa! Marching for the reconquest of Jerusalem, word comes to him that his son is dead, 'Woe to me!' cries the monarch; 'is my son dead?' And tears course down his beard, 'My son is slain, but Christ still lives! Forward then, soldiers, march!'"

MONTREAL, 1894.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

BY LILIAN GREY.

LET us walk softly, friend;
For strange paths lie before us, all untrod;
The New Year, spotless from the hand of God,
Is thine and mine, O friend!

Let us walk straightly, friend;
Forget the crooked paths behind us now,
Press on with steadier purpose on our brow,
To better deeds, O friend!

Let us walk gladly, friend;
Perchance some greater good than we have known
Is waiting for us, or some fair hope flown
Shall yet return, O friend!

Let us walk humbly, friend;
Slight not the heart's-ease blooming round our feet;
The laurel blossoms are not half so sweet
Or lightly gathered, friend!

Let us walk kindly, friend;
We cannot tell how long this life shall last,
How soon these precious years be overpast;
Let love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend;
Work with our might while lasts our little stay,
And help some halting comrade on the way;
And may God guide us, friend!

MIND STRESS.*

BY DR. DANIEL CLARK,

Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.

THE civil engineer will give the weight necessary to break down a beam of wood, iron or steel, if the size and kind of each is given. In other words, he knows from experience the resisting power of various materials. It is a somewhat analogous law which exists in respect to the capacity of the brain to preserve its integrity against all kinds of physical and mental strain. These powers on the one hand and the brain tension on the other could be absolutely formulated as in mechanics, were all the conditions as well known. These varied forms of stress may come in the form of physical disease of the brain itself; from indirect bodily disease in distant parts, or through mental trouble such as worry, fear, emotional shock or any form of mental excitement and consequent exhaustion. Each brain, in respect to resistance, is a law unto itself, but it is subservient to this general condition. One may be robust and full of vigour, hard to tire and soon rested. Another may be feeble and languid, with the recuperative energies slow. The former might have, in an analogous way, the vitality and strength of the oak or the elasticity and durability of steel; and the latter only the weak fibre of the bass-wood or the pliability of iron.

The organ of the mind, when healthy and naturally strong, is capable of a large amount of steady work, but each person must gauge the tension upon his own brain by the effect produced daily in its working. It will soon throw out signals of distress when overstrained. In this age of tireless and sleepless energy, with sharp competition in all the walks of life, many a man is like the engineer who is running a twenty horse-power steam engine at twenty-five or thirty horse-power. The tear and wear will be tenfold that which would take place from normal work, just as running a mile expends more energy than would walking five miles.

In the young and vigorous the unusual demand may not always immediately show malign results; but as the years go by, and the vital powers have reached the maximum of activity, or it may be, by lapse of time they are on the decay, then nature has its revenge, because of the violation of its laws in early life, as it never shows pity to the transgressor.

Early or late the warning comes in one of many ways: It may be by want of sleep, by a feeling of fatigue when little or no work is done, by mental lassitude and incapacity, by a feeling of *goneness* in the body and a lack of power of concentration of thought, by waning memory, lowness of spirits and defective appetite.

In short, body and mind are at the ebb, and are going downwards and outwards "beyond the bar."

Nature has its penalties inflicted for violation of law, often long after the infraction. The fast young man begins to know this in middle life, when the executioner has overtaken him. The brilliant student may so eat up his vital reserves in college spurting as to shackle his mental vigour in after life. The business man, immersed in mental strain beyond his calibre, may see no loss

* Reprinted by permission from advance sheets of Dr. Clark's new work on "Mental Diseases," to be issued by the Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

of vital elasticity for years; but the day is sure to come in many such, when the warning cry is too late. A man finds, to his consternation, that in middle life his energy is flagging. He puts on an extra effort to make up for mental weariness, and thereby intensifies the evil. In his sleeplessness he hears the clock strike all the hours throughout the darkness of a seemingly endless night. He rises in the morning unrefreshed, and possibly with a tinge of low-spiritedness. The appetite is impaired, and an otherwise equable temperament has become irritable, and brooks little opposition. Business, in which he formerly took a delight, has become a bore. By noon mental exhaustion sets in, as the brain has not procured its usual rest, nor the great nerve-centres their well-digested pabulum. He was a social man, but now he has no zest for the company of relatives, friends or companions as he once had, and he is himself annoyed at his hermit desires. Intense introspection takes place, and even ordinary feelings of body are magnified into monsters of disease. His mind is centred on self; and, try as he may to divert his attention objectively, the pendulum of thought will swing back to the morbid point with aggravating persistency. He feels and struggles against this pelting from the first drops of the coming mental storm, and often successfully, but if this condition intensifies, then is the borderland of insanity reached. Delusions usually set in, and although the patient knows them to such, yet they may dominate his actions to some extent. A good business man avoids Victoria Street, because he has the idea that some calamity may happen to him on it. He knows the morbid fear is absurd; nevertheless, to quiet the perturbed feeling, he avoids the street. An intelligent professional man, actively engaged in his daily work, cannot sleep in a detached house, because he has the notion that it may blow down in the first gale. He feels secure in a tenement house, and, at the same time, laughs at the absurdity of his fears.

A commercial traveller dreads to ride upon a well-built and well-equipped branch line of railroad, and is in a nervous condition of alarm when he is compelled to travel on it. He has often gone many miles round to avoid it. He states he can give no reason for the possession of this unreasonable fancy, yet it has remained with him for years. A woman who is fond of shopping indulges in it as a recreation, but never goes into one large store in this city, where she could feed her propensity to the utmost, because she has a fear of the ceiling falling down about her ears. The heavy pillars of support and the solidity of structure have no influence on this dread.

Scores of analogous cases might be cited; but, in all is found a substratal condition of nerve starvation, accompanied by a general sense of ill-being. Strange to say, the absurdity of the delusions is seen, yet they dominate and control individual action. Such men often struggle on for years in this unsatisfactory condition, if insanity should not intervene, until middle life is reached; and at this trial epoch for men, as well as for women, we often see premature old age set in as the first step of senile decadence. "The pith and moment" of vigorous manhood are waning. The capacity for entering into new enterprises with the vim, judgment and discretion of earlier years is very much weakened. In short, the grip of mental life is being loosened prematurely because of undue mental strain throughout a previous period of abnormal energy, and, it may be, of exceptional trial.

It is often the case—especially in commercial circles, in industrial

centres and in professional routine work—that, as life advances, the demands upon time and upon mind increase rather than diminish. The work enlarges and becomes more complicated; and, as a result, the busy man—who looked forward at, say, fifty-five years of age, to retire with a competency—may have the riches he coveted, but has not the opportunity nor even the desire to seek quietude and rest. We too often forget that the life-work of a citizen becomes, by repetition, to him a second nature, and, therefore, he has no enjoyment but in doing that work until his sun has set, or at least until the gradual decay of old age has made him lose his former interest in mundane things. As someone has well said: "He may have something to fall back upon, but nothing to fall back to."

Of course, there are exceptions to this law of life. Many brains of fine and tough structure luxuriate in great activity. To such labour is life, and the tireless capacity of such exceptions is often astonishing; but the masses of ordinary men are not thus endowed. As a rule, the educated brain has more endurance and more rebound to it, like a steel spring, than has that of the ignorant. By the educated is meant not simply the college-stuffed brain, but any organ of thought which has been trained in the school of experience, and has been the recipient of wisdom from all sources of information.

The higher organization has in it greater recuperative power than has the less complex nerve centre, just as have the skilled rower's or pugilist's arms, by training the muscles of the body, more power than have those of the clerk or cleric, who needs no great muscular development in his daily work. It is also true that unless these athletes are over-strained, their muscles will recover from injury and disease more readily than those of their more flabby fellow-citizens.

This law of repair is also seen in the percentage of recoveries among the insane, wise and ignorant. It is true there is little insanity among savages, but the reason of this exception is obvious. The mental strain is little, and the indolence of such, especially in the tropics, leads rather to mental inertia than to morbid exaltation. Their happy-go-lucky mode of life is in striking contrast to that of the seething, struggling masses of Christendom.

It is easy to propose a remedy. We say to such, "Take life easy. Do not worry. Be content." The answer is: "We cannot. On the farm, at the counter, in the shop, in the professions, on sea and on land we must push our varied interests to the utmost or we will come to ruin. Keen competition, low prices for work and its products, the additional demands of a social kind or of a public kind which have come in with our civilization, all compel toil of brain or hand, or both, from which there is little cessation until life closes, or, it may be, reason is dethroned."

This indictment against themselves is true; and, as a rule, myriads of such perish mentally, and, what is even worse, before the eclipse comes add in their children to the great army of defectives, who now swarm in every land and every clime. Even the mentally great of the earth have seldom equally famous descendants, because genius burns out the superabundant energy, and consequently has no such bequeathment as a legacy to descendants. Here is where heredity shows its baneful effects, which are working untold woe in all communities.

Health Boards chase the microbe to his lair and seek his destruction. They charge the plumber with culpable homicide because of his bad work. They wage war against filth and foul air. They throttle endemics and epidemics, and face the various scourges which march by sea and land with germicides, antiseptics,

fire and water. It is well; but the more insidious mental diseases which produce a most deplorable condition in the tens of thousands of our fellow-beings, to which death itself is a relief, are never thought of, except by a few, and these are only voices crying in the wilderness. Prevention is better than cure, yet at present we are, so to speak, picking up human fragments at the bottom of a precipice, but have no danger signals at the brink. Health Primers on the baleful effects of secret vices; on heredity; on unsuitable marriages from a health point of view; on the active and predisposing causes of insanity; on the evil effects of mental strain, and such like, would be of invaluable benefit to the community. Many of these human ills are preventable, but about the consequences, of which so many are ignorant, because of a silly sentimentality among those who are qualified to instruct, little is known by the people.

There is a natural desire in those thus afflicted to seek relief. Unfortunately, many such find it, temporarily, in the use of some form of spirituous liquors. The fleeting paralysis of body and mind induced thereby gives comfort for the time; but the effect has to be kept up, else more profound trouble than ever supervenes. The end is often a state of chronic alcoholism and final collapse. Some seek relief from this thraldom of mind-pain by the use of opium, morphia, chloral or some other such seductive drug. The constant use of such drugs ends in mental enfeeblement or insanity, and in such wrecks of humanity is seen the most deplorable affliction of a living death. It is forgotten that, in the struggle through life, nature is ever fighting towards recovery in disease or under any untoward circumstances. As a condition towards health, it is handicapped by anything which lowers the vitality or prevents recuperation. This is especially true when stupefying drugs are used to produce so-called sleep in insomnia. Natural sleep is replaced by stupor. The appetite is interfered with; hence, insufficient food. Good digestion is followed by dyspepsia, mal-assimilation of food, mal-nutrition and the nervous debility intensified. Under such drug influence remedial measures are impotent. Wholesome food, cleanliness, good air, exercise and short hours of mental work are "Love's Labour Lost," yet they are our sheet-anchor in all such cases.

At this stage the cure-alls are eagerly sought after. Drowning men catch at straws. The seductive pamphlet, full of testimonials of wonderful cures; the flaming falsehoods in the secular and religious press, which promise almost to raise the dead; the wonderful golden promises to cure evil habits by injections of paralyzing nostrums into the body; the insane teachings that disease is only a mental fantasy; the equally nonsensical belief that faith alone can cure all human ailments, but cannot set a broken leg nor restore to their right minds the insane, the most pitiful of all God's creatures, nor lessen by one the inmates of the Home for the Incurables—have their day.

Credulity cannot be fully eradicated from the minds of men as long as a belief in all human testimony exists. The distress is present, and the possibility of immediate cure is so seductive, when accentuated by so many who affirm that such-and-such mixtures, extracts, pills or liniments have done wonders in similar cases. The fundamental law of our nature is forgotten, namely, that all humanity can do with its best remedies is simply to stimulate the master-builder into activity, to repair the waste places and to furnish him with the suitable material to build up the body or to carry away the dead tissues by the excretories.

BROWNING'S SAUL.

BY PROFESSOR A. H. REYNAR, LL.D.,

Victoria University.

THIS poem is a daring but not irreverent attempt to describe the feeling and thought of a man exalted by the spirit of prophecy. It is one of many poems that cannot be called lyric, epic, or dramatic, in the common sense of the words. It is not his own experience that the poet tells as in a lyric poem, but he enters in imagination into the soul of another, thinks, feels and wills with that other, and interprets it all to us. Much of Browning's best work is of this kind—work it is that shows his masterful imagination and his deep broad sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men. In the poems of Wordsworth and Byron we find everywhere just Wordsworth and Byron, the pensive reflection and disciplined will of the one, and the passion and self-will of the other. In Browning, as in Shakespeare, the mirror is held up to the widest extremes of human nature, and all the strangest forms are bodied forth. In Shakespeare and the drama proper it is largely by action that the spirits are revealed, but in Browning the action is subordinate to monologue and other devices by which the reflections, feelings and motives are made to pulse and throb before us.

In the two poems, Caliban upon Setebos, and Saul, we have Browning's conception of how the spirit feels after God from the lowest to the highest stage of development. In Caliban we have the groping of a creature less than human, one who, as Coleridge puts it, "has the dawnings of understanding without reason or moral sense." In the prophecy of David to Saul we have the ecstasy of the man after God's own heart, when the goodness of the Lord is seen to pass before him.

David is telling of his strange experience as he ministered to Saul. The evil spirit had come upon the King—a spirit of melancholy and despair. For three days he had remained alone in his inner tent, and no one had ventured to go unbidden to his presence. Says Abner:

"Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants of prayer nor of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the Spirit have ended their strife,
And that faint in his triumph the monarch sinks back into life."

Now, however, the King's followers welcome David, who comes up from his flocks in answer to the call sent three days before. Abner exclaims:

"Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved! God's child, with his dew,
On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies still living and blue
Just broken to twine round thy harp strings, as if no wild heat
Were now raging to torture the desert."

David immediately attempts the relief of the King. With a prayer to the God of his fathers he passes the folds of the outer tent, and gropes his way over the mid-space to the second enclosure. With another prayer he passes into the darkness of the inner tent, and in all the fearlessness of goodness he says, "Here is David, thy servant." There is no voice in reply, and he can see nothing as yet but the blackness. When his sight is adjusted to the gloom he descries:

"A something more black than the blackness, the vast, the upright
Main prop which sustains the pavilion; and slow into sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all,
Then a sunbeam that burst through the tent-roof showed Saul!"

It is Saul in his agony, standing there "drear and stark, blind and dumb." David now tunes his harp and tries the power of music to restore the King. He plays a series of tunes expressing the joys of life and ascending by degrees from the lowest plain of the sensuous life to the highest plain of consciousness and spirituality. Experts tell us that in the normal decay of our powers we lose first what we had last acquired, and so on in regular order till we are left where we first began, living but not conscious, then life itself departs and we return to dust. In his strange malady Saul seems to have passed far down this path of devolution, and in the revival of his powers of soul and mind Browning has David take the order of their first development. The quickening forces of music are first applied to the feelings of sensuous comfort and joy, as Saul knew them in his early years:

"And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done;
They are white and untorn by the bushes, for lo, they have fed
Where the long grasses stifle the water within the stream's bed;
And now one after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star
Into eve and the blue far above us—so blue and so far!"

Next come tunes with power to attract and excite and charm the feelings. By these David would win the soul of Saul to trust and effort and thought:

"Then the tune for which quails on the cornland will each leave his mate
To fly after the player; then, what makes the crickets elate
Till for boldness they fight one another: and then what has weight
To set the quick jerboa a-musing, outside his sand house—
There are none such as he for a wonder, half bird and half mouse!"

David now changes his harp once more and lures the spirit of the King away from the sensuous and instinctive up to the higher plain of social sympathy and activity:

"When hand
Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship, and great hearts expand
And grow one in the sense of this world's life."

The music now recalls the gladness and the pathos of the bridal and the tomb, and now it vibrates to the shout of battle and swells to the song of praise.

At last comes the first sign of the returning consciousness of Saul:

"But I stopped here: for here in the darkness Saul groaned.
And I paused, held my breath in such silence, and listened apart:
And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shuddered: and sparkles 'gan dart
From the jewels that woke in his turban, at once with a start,
All its lordly male sapphires and rubies courageous at heart.
So the head: but the body still moved not, still hung there erect,
And I bent once again to my playing, pursued it unchecked."

Rising now above the sensuous life and above the social life, the singer stimulates the mind of Saul by strains that suggest the highest satisfaction of the personal life, the rapture of abounding and triumphant power. He would make the King feel again "how good is man's life." He recalls the exultation of conscious will and mastery from its lowest to its highest forms. First are the praises of the physical life:

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigour! No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of bows from the fir-tree, the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,
And the locust flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of wine,
And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

The music now changes again, lifting the spirit of the King to a higher plain, and filling him with memories of his growing powers and successes as a soldier and statesman:

"Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch, a people is thine;
And all gifts which the world offers singly, on one head combine!
On one head, all the beauty and strength, love and rage (like the throe
That awork in the rock, helps its labour and lets the gold go),
High ambition and deeds which surpass it, fame crowning them—all
Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—King Saul!"

At the sound of his name thus glorified Saul comes to himself, and the deadening weight of his despair falls from him as the last mass of winter's snow falls suddenly from the mountain-side in the warmth of spring:

"One long shudder thrilled
All the tent till the very air tingled, then sank and was stilled
At the King's self left standing before me, released and aware.
What was gone, what remained? All to traverse 'twixt hope and despair,
Death was passed, life had come: so he waited."

The recovery, so far, is only partial. The light of consciousness and reason is in his eyes again, but it is as the light of pallid sunsets in Autumn. David asks himself:

"What spell or what charm
(For a while there was trouble within me), what next should I urge
To sustain him where song had restored him?—song filled to the verge
His cup with the wine of this life, pressing all that it yields
Of mere fruitage, the strength and the beauty: beyond, on what fields
Glean a vintage more potent and perfect to brighten the eye
And bring blood to the life, and commend him the cup they put by?
He saith 'It is good'; still he drinks not: he lets me praise life,
Gives assent, yet would die for his own part."

Life, the mere living, does not satisfy. Then David remembers the dreams of life that he had dreamed on the pasture, the best rules and right uses of life, and all the rich fruits it might bear, and he sings once more:

"Thou dost well in rejecting mere comforts that spring
From the mere mortal life held in common by man and by brute:
In our flesh grows the branch of this life, in our soul it bears fruit."

To the lips of Saul he now offers not life only, but the very wine of life. He is led to think how his deeds and his spirit will tell on the life and spirit of his people to countless generations:

"Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long over, shall thrill
Thy whole people, the countless, with ardour, till they too give forth
A like cheer to their sons, who in turn fill the south and the north
With the radiance thy deed was the germ of."

Even death would set no term to the glory and blessing of his name and power. The records of the tomb, and of the rock's naked face, and of tablets of cedar, and of rolls of papyrus, would give to unborn generations their due and their part in the being of Saul, the first of the mighty. Let him, therefore, thank God and rejoice in his life.

The spirit of the King revives under this noble song, and he resumes his old motions and habitudes kingly. Leaving his attitude, so rigid and erect, he reclines on the pile of his armour and war-cloak till the sweet singer has ended his song. David looks up to know if the best he could do had brought solace:

"He spoke not, but slow
Lifted up the hand slack at his side, till he laid it with care
Soft and grave, but in mild settled will on my brow: through my hair
The large fingers were pushed, and he bent back my head, with kind power—

All my face back, intent to peruse it, as
men do a flower.
Thus held he me there with his great eyes
that scrutinized mine—
And oh, all my heart how it loved him!
but where was the sign?
I yearned—'could I help thee, my father,
inventing a bliss,
I would add to that life of the past, both
the future and this;
I would give thee new life altogether, as
good, ages hence,
As this moment—had love but the warrant,
love's heart to dispense.'"

With this yearning of heart over the King, a new light came to the spirit of David. He had sought for the mind and will of God as revealed in nature and in the spirit of man, and the search had been richly rewarded. His own knowledge had helped him to some apprehension of the Divine wisdom. His own forethought had let him into the secret of the Infinite Care. Each highest faculty in him that had striven after God had opened his eyes to some new perfection in the Eternal. But when now he seeks after God in the light of the noble human love that would give all and do all for the King, his spirit, before aglow, now bursts aflame, and his eyes are opened to Eternal and Redeeming Love.

"Would I fain in my impotent yearning do
all for this man,
And dare doubt he alone shall not help
him, who yet alone can!"

. . . . . .

"See the King, I would help him but cannot,
the wishes fall through.
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow,
grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I
would—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh,
speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So
wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest,
uttermost crown—
And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor
leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in! It
is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation
joins issue with death!
As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty
be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of
being beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the
strongest shall stand the most weak.
'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry
for! my flesh that I seek
In the godhead! I seek and I find it. O
Saul, it shall be
A face like my face that receives thee; a
man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever:
a hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to
thee! See the Christ stand!"

Such is this wonderful poem in which the great English seer endeavours to realize the movement of the Hebrew prophet's spirit. Browning would be the last to attempt a defence of the poem as a dogmatic statement or a treatise in theology. And his views may not present all the truth concerning inspiration and prophecy, but they do express truths of the utmost spiritual and practical importance—truths that have the high sanction of a greater than Browning. "Blessed are the poor in heart, for they shall see God." "To him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." In the realm of the true, we have no difficulty in believing that the mathematician gains sight of things that are hidden from the eyes of others. In the realm of the beautiful the artist attains to visions of rapture that other men do not see. And yet the others might have known the truth and the beauty if they had cultivated their powers. Even so, in the realm of the good we may expect to see only what we are worthy to see.

UNANSWERED yet, the prayers your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not, the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.*

BY RICHARD ROWE.

Author of "The Diary of an Early Methodist," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

STAR COURT.

"On earth peace, good-will toward men." So sang the angels whom the Syrian shepherds saw as they kept watch over their flocks by night, and the star which the wise men of the East had seen first in their native skies led them, according to this lovely story, to the humble cradle in which the great Giver of peace, and Preacher of good-will toward men, lay sleeping His first infant slumbers.

This narrative is intended to show the same heavenly story translated into the common prose of squalid London life. The Star in the East here shines over a mean East-end court. Two cannon-posts prevent horses and carts from entering Star Court at one end, but a zigzag lane gives access to the other, which is a stable-yard. From this yard a miry narrow roadway runs three parts up the court, ending in a still narrower stretch of filthy foot-pavement. Just beyond the two cannon-posts there is a street lamp which sends a flickering gleam of gas down the dark court at night. Most of its inhabitants are costermongers, as the donkey-carts, baskets, old fish-boxes, and refuse shells and vegetables which often almost block up the cramped roadway, show at a glance; the minority of the court's population is a strange medley.

There are often fierce fights in Star Court — the people are so crowded there that it sometimes seems almost impossible that they should not jostle in temper as well as body. At one time Star Court—or the court I have so called—was the terror of the police and the nuisance of the neighbourhood on Saturday nights. Horrid howls and hostile hubbub rang and roared out into the nearest street. Every story of each house seemed to be bombarding some story of its *vis-á-vis* with flat-irons and other ponderous missiles, except in cases in which the ground and upper floors of the same house were firing at one another in a bewildering jumble of artillery practice; whilst the narrow space between the houses was crammed with a swaying mob of combatants, brandishing broomsticks, pokers, tongs, shovels, fenders, in free fight, or engaged in fisticuff duels, which sometimes ended in the beaten man ripping up his vanquisher with a cowardly stab. Only in cases of imminent or perpetrated homicide did the police venture to dive into Star Court, and then never singly. When they had effected a capture, they had to fight their way out with their prisoner, staggering through a throng of maddened men and women, eager to rescue or to lynch the captive, which surged and roared and hissed around them like a stormy sea. Star Court used to brag that it had "done for a bobby." Fights still, as I have said, sometimes take place in it, but it is a very different place from what it was; and the change is chiefly due to a man whom, when he first came to live in the court, almost everyone else that lived in it disliked.

Jude Waple, a widowed journeyman blacksmith from the country,

* By the kind permission of the Publisher, the Rev. Chas. H. Kelly, Book Steward, Wesleyan Conference Office, London, we are able to reprint this admirable story from the volume issued by that House.

with a sick grown-up daughter and a merry little daughter, full of country health, but at first rather cowed by country shyness, took three rooms in Star Court, in order to be within easy reach of work he had obtained at a smithy not far off. At first the Star Courtiers thought that the Waples gave themselves airs, and persecuted them accordingly. It was "bumptious," in the opinion of Star Court, for only three people to need three rooms. The Waples were "stuck-up" because their "sticks" were better than their neighbours'. They did not drink and wrangle like their neighbours. They were "Methody spies" that had no business there, because they went on Sundays to a meeting-house. (With the exception of a few Irish Catholics, the bulk of the Star Courtiers belonged only to the Public-house Persuasion.) Jude's size, and a certain quietly-waiting look in his good-natured eyes saved him, as a rule, from personal maltreatment, and even his daughters in his absence; both he and his daughters had to put up with a good deal of bullying insult.

Poor little Cicely Waple used to dread the gauntlet she had to run between old crones nursing their knees, slatternly, brazen-faced young women, and foul-tongued men and boy blackguards, when she had to go to the chandler's. If their home, she thought, had only been at the bottom of the court, how much nicer it would have been! Then she could have slipped round to the shop by the zigzag back lane. If even it had been at the mouth of the court, she would only have had to thread the knot of loafers who generally lounged about the two cannon-posts. But the Waples lived in the middle of the court, and so, whichever way she took, Cicely had to run her dreaded gauntlet. If her sister had not been so weak, little Cicely would often have begged off from her errands. But Mary was so ill that her sister wanted to save her all the trouble she could. At first, however, little Cicely was very miserable in Star Court. For the first month or two of Cicely's life in the court, her only happy times were when father, Mary, and she were sitting together in chapel, or better still—since there would be no fresh gauntlet to run until the morrow—when they were locked in together in their little home at night.

But as weeks went by, the Waples became at first tolerated, and at last liked in Star Court. They gave no intentional offence, they were always willing to give their neighbours any help they could; and Jude became in time the peacemaker of the court. Combatants and their wives, husbands, and adherents were sometimes indignant at his interference when in the thick of a fight; but they often felt very grateful for it the next morning. The oftener he interfered, the easier he found his task. Recollection of past benefit gained by attending to his advice would flash even through the reason-obscuring smoke of passion. His cool voice, in a good-natured way making fun of the court's quarrels, acted as a quencher on the quarrellers and their sympathizers. The effect was somewhat like that of a fireman's hose turned upon a turbulent throng: it cooled their courage and made them feel ridiculous, and yet ready to laugh at themselves as well as one another. He was big enough to inspire physical respect, and yet the fact that he did not profess to be a fighting man saved professed bruisers from feeling "cocked over" by him when he got between them. Besides, as I have said, he and his did positive kindnesses to the Star Courtiers. Before Jude had lived a year in Star Court a cry of "'Ere's the blacksmith a-comin'!" had become far more efficacious than the constable-announcing "Cool the slop!" in quelling its disturbances.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was Jude's second Christmas in Star Court: the morning of its Christmas Eve had come. The blacksmith had gone to his work, and Mary and Cicely were tidying up their little front room, when there came a heavy knock at the door, followed by a gruffly civil "May I come in, miss?" There had been a time in which it would have seemed very strange to Mary to be called "Miss" in Star Court, except by way of ironical derision, and in which little Cicely would have been very frightened if any of their court neighbours had wanted to enter their home; but those times had passed. Still both Mary and Cicely looked rather startled when "Perliteful Bill" put in his whiskerless, pallid, bulldog-like head. His name had been given him on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle. He had the reputation of being the roughest-tongued, hardest-hitting coster in Star Court. He was the *bête noire* of the local police. "They dustn't cheek *me,*" he used to brag. "*I*'d cheek 'em, if they did—I'd *muzzle* 'em, that's what *I*'d do." It was only very recently that he had ceased to persecute the Waples. He was one of the last Star Courtiers to stand out against Jude's influences.

"Well, if yer don't want me to fight this man," he would say to the blacksmith, "will yer have a set-to with me yerself? I must take it out o' summun. You're 'eavier than me, I know; but I'll fight yer for a pot, and back myself to win it. Long chaps is never game uns. Yer hain't got sperrit enough to spread out hover them big carkisses o' yourn. Spoonin' about like a Methody parson! Do yer call yerself a man or a big monkey?—Yah! —I can't abide sich coves."

But Perliteful Bill had recently come to grief, and out of pity for his "wife" and their little ones, Jude had taken a ticket for the raffle which was got up to set the costermonger on his feet once more. Jude had given back his ticket to the beneficiary, and by means of it Perliteful Bill had recovered possession of the prized "king'sman" which had been raffled for.

"Yer see, miss," he said to Mary, "I hain't be'aved exac'ly proper to yer father; and hever since he went in for my raffle, and then guv' me back my neckercher like, I've felt some'ow ashamed o' myself. I should ha' liked to give ye summut better than this; but I've never been able to git reg'lar on my pins, for all the raffle. I ain't hout o' the 'ole yit. Chrismasin' I was hout yisterday—hout beyond Hilford I went. I worn't back till nigh upon 'alf-arter heleven. A goodish lot I got, as I 'ope I shall sell to-day. But 'ere, miss, this is what I come for. This 'ere's the best bit o' 'olly, and *this* 'ere's the best bit o' mistletoe I come acrost, an' you must take 'em, miss, helse me an' you'll 'ave words."

So saying, Perliteful Bill threw down his bushes, and took his departure.

Mary and Cicely brightened up their little living-room with the abundant supply of glossy, prickly leaves and round crimson berries which Perliteful Bill had brought—they could scarcely have had more if they had been still living in the country.

This Christmas in Star Court promised to be so different from the last they had spent there, that Cicely frisked and chirruped like a bird, and even poor, languid Mary tried to smile back sympathetically as her little sister guessed at the kinds of Christmas presents father would buy for them.

Father, meanwhile, was hard at work in the smithy. A London smithy has not the snug picturesqueness of a country one; but wherever blacksmiths' hammers clank and clink, blacksmiths' bel-

lows roar, and blacksmiths' forges glow, there is a focus of attraction. Literal Christmas Eve had come—a bleak, blackbound Christmas Eve, which whirling flakes of snow, as broad as a crown piece, were beginning to whiten; and a little crowd of shivering East-end children and grown-up loafers hung outside the smithy in which Jude worked, peering enviously into its warm brightness and merry bustle. Frost had set in suddenly, and the holidays being close at hand, horses had been sent in a hurry to be "roughed." They filled the cramped traverse, and stood outside in the lane, with empty sacks thrown over their loins, stamping their heavy feet impatiently, and twitching their ears and noses, and shaking their heads pettishly, as the broad snowflakes dropped upon them. Within two forge-fires glowed and flickered, and three anvils tinkled beneath six journeymen's hammers. Sparks flew about like sungilt fountain spray, and the smudged, leathern-aproned wielders of the hammers, under the refluent influence of their coming holiday, chaffed one another jollily during their brief rests from their jollily hearty labour.

London life had told on both the colour and the muscle of some of the men; but the smallest and yellowest amongst them was a healthy giant in comparison with the little crowd of human waifs outside that watched their labours. Biggest amongst the blacksmiths towered Jude Waple: a favourite, and a respected favourite, amongst all his fellow-workmen (except one), although Jude was "the newest-caught joskin." This exceptional man was jealous of Jude's superior strength and skill. He did not like to be beaten at his own trade by a countryman—more especially by a yokel of whose intellect he had the most contemptuous opinion. Waspy, as he was called in the smithy, prided himself on being a "thinker"—the result of his thought being that he believed in nothing and nobody, and he looked down upon good-natured, trustful Jude as a grinning simpleton.

In a railway carriage I once heard two drawling young fools talking over the comparative merits of their respective "governors." One of the nincompoops related with a chuckle how he had got into a scrape, and got out of it by means of a lie, because his governor always took his word. Whereupon brayed the other ass—"Haw! haw! Wha-at a jolly govenaw to have!—wha-at a confidin' govenaw!"

Waspy had more stuff in him than these poor used-up abusers of their mother-tongue and moral sense, but he shared their opinion as to the sanity of any man who trusted another man farther than he could see him.

When the smithy's work was done at last, the blacksmiths rolled up their singed aprons, put on their rough coats and pilot jackets, and took their departure, exchanging roughly hearty Christmas greetings. All except Waspy. In reply to Jude's "Merry Christmas," he growled back,—

"Bosh! What's Christmas? And if 'twas anything, how could you give me a merry un? What's the good o' talking like a big baby? There ain't nothin' to be got out o' me. I ain't a-goin' to stand a pot."

Jude went home by the Commercial Road—a roundabout route for him, but he wanted to buy a brooch for Mary, and a doll and a tumbling, red-coated, blue-breeched monkey for Cicely. His Christmas presents would only cost him half-a-crown, perhaps, but the "Brummagem jewellery" and cheap toys would be thought treasures in Star Court.

In spite of the inclemency of the night, a busier street market even than usual blazed and brawled in the Commercial Road. Jude had

made his purchases at one of these stalls, and was crossing the road homewards, when he saw a Star Court acquaintance of his also crossing it. A blind old woman, who made her miserable living by most melancholy performances on a battered old harp, was being led across the road by a little girl who acted as her guide. They were a strangely-assorted pair—"Old Carrots and her Span'el." Those were the street names they went by. Old Carrots was an aged woman with a flat-featured face, freckled in spite of its tan, and, for an old woman, a somewhat plentiful shock of hair, still red, although grey had begun to streak it.

The Span'el, on the other hand, notwithstanding poor lodging, exposure to all kinds of weather, hard fare, and shabby clothing, was a strikingly pretty, blue-eyed little girl. She called Old Carrots "grandmother," but there was no relationship save that of mutual help between them. One autumn evening when Old Carrots—at that time guided by a dog—was toiling, with her harp upon her back, up Holborn, on her way to what was then her dreary home in one of the courts between Gray's Inn Road and Leather Lane, her gown was pulled, just after she had passed Hatton Garden, by a sobbing little girl. The old woman put down her hand and felt a curly little head and a tear-slobbered little face. When asked her name, the little maiden answered "Katie," but that, with the "Granny!" she had uttered when she first clutched the old woman's skirt, was about all that she could say. She could give no clue to her parents or her home. The sobbing "Granny" touched the lonely old woman's heart, and she took the lost little one to her Leather Lane lodging, and brought her to the not more luxurious home she soon afterwards found in Star Court.

It certainly was not for the sake of any material gain that the old woman did this—it was a pure matter of sentiment. The child, when Old Carrots adopted her in this off-hand fashion, had nothing on but a ragged frock, and she was far too young at that time to be of any use to her adoptress, unless she took the child out for begging purposes. Old Carrots, however, was no mendicant. At any rate, she was not aware that she could be in any degree regarded as one. She honestly thought that her melancholy harp performances were fully worth the coppers and occasional small silver coins with which they were rewarded. She fed and clothed Katie as well as she could, instead of making a pity-moving scarecrow of her; and when she began to take her about, it was chiefly that the child might not mope or get into danger if left alone "at home." As Katie grew older, she went out more regularly with her "grandmother," and, at last, when Granny's dog died, became her daily guide.

Katie was a sweet-tempered little girl, but she was also a spirited little puss, and did her best to defend Granny against the sly onslaughts of her most dreaded foes, the small street-boys.

Grown-up listeners were generally ready enough to pummel the young ruffians if caught after these cowardly performances, but then it was not very easy to catch fugitives who wriggled out of a captor's clutch like eels, and, besides, boxing a boy's ears did not buy Old Carrots new harp-strings; and so Katie had to keep a sharp look-out, whilst a cry of recognition from a knot of boys made Granny tremble.

On the night of that Christmas Eve, as she was crossing the Commercial Road, the throng of people in the roadway suddenly parted, and rushed right and left to make way, with yells of execration, for a light cart which three drunken idiots were driving at a furious

rate through the crowd. Katie tried to hurry Granny across, but the old woman, hearing a boy's shout of "Oh, cri, there's Old Carrots!" suddenly hung back; and the next moment the horse would have dashed Katie to the ground, had not Jude, who had rushed forward, swung her out of the way—the next instant, struck by the shaft, falling senseless on the ground himself. A fiercer howl than ever arose from the crowd as the cart dashed on at a more furious rate than ever. Two policemen and a dozen other men gave chase, some snatching at the reins at the risk of being run over themselves, and others endeavouring to climb into the cart over the tailboard. But the drink-frenzied driver lashed savagely with his whip at the faces of those who tried to stop the horse; his two brutal mates brought down their sticks like flails on the knuckles and heads of those who tried to clamber into the cart, and it escaped round a corner, almost capsizing as it grazed a lamp-post.

Jude meantime had been taken into a "doctor's" shop. It was some time before he recovered his consciousness, and when he did so, it was to feel as if from right shoulder to hip he had been pounded with a paviour's rammer. The druggist advised that he should be taken to the hospital, but not knowing that he had any bones broken, Jude rebelled at the idea of spending his Christmas away from his children.

Accordingly a cabman who lived in Star Court, and who had helped to carry Jude into the shop, drove him home. There was a commotion in the court when the cab stopped before Jude's door, and the big blacksmith fainted as he stepped out. There were plenty to carry him in-doors and undress him, and to run for a doctor. The doctor came, kneaded Jude as if he were flour, insisted that he didn't feel pain where he did feel pain, and that he did feel pain where he didn't, and at last pronounced severely that he had broken three of his ribs—that is the way people always put it, as if folks smashed their bones for their own pleasure. Jude spent his Christmas Eve in bed, with a coil of flannel squeezing him like a boa-constrictor, and the prospect of not being able to wield a sledge-hammer again for a month or more.

He found breath, however, to whisper to little Cicely with galvanized-like twitching smile,—

"You'll find the doll and the monkey in my left pocket, Cis—I hope I haven't smashed *their* ribs."

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

It was long before Jude could get to sleep, but just before daybreak he fell into a nap, which lasted until the merry Christmas bells burst out before service-time. When he awoke, the sun was shining red on the silvery ferns and feathers of his frosted window-panes. Jude, for the moment forgetting that he was a cripple, was going to jump out of bed to see whether any more snow had fallen in the night. He found, however—a very queer sensation when a once hale man first experiences it—that he could not even lift himself in the bed.

In answer to his call, little Cicely ran into the room.

"What is it, father? Shall I call Mary? She didn't go to bed till she saw you was sound off, and now she's asleep. But I've got the fire alight and the kittle a-bilin'. Shall I bring you your breakfast, father?"

"Thankee, my girl. I'll be thankful for a cup o' tea presently. But lyin' on my back all night's cramped me, and I want to try to sit up a bit."

"Shall I lift you, father?" gravely inquired little Cicely.

"You musn't make me laugh, little un, or you'll put the bones out again," answered the big black-

smith, shaking with amusement, but wincing as he chuckled. "No, you get down that bit o' cord—and now do you tie the two ends to the two bedposts, just as if I was agoin' to play at 'orses. Tie 'em tight—another knot. There, that's it. And now do you give my reins, Cis."

Taking the cord, he struggled up, whilst Cicely piled the pillows behind him.

"Gee up," he said, giving his reins a shake. "I'll have a drive, while you go and get my breakfast for me."

"I do believe there ain't nothing the matter with you, father!" cried laughing and wondering little Cicely. "You're only a-makin' believe there is."

"Well, please God, I hope there ain't much the matter, little un. But now do you go and get me my tea. You'd better have your breakfast by the fire. It's cold in here, out o' bed. And when you've had your breakfast, put some fresh tea in the pot and put it on the hob to draw for Mary when she wakes. Take care you don't wake your sister, Cissy. Poor girl, she ain't strong, and she must ha' been up pretty nigh all night."

Cicely brought her father his tea and bread-and-butter, and then went and sat down by the fender, and sipped and munched her own breakfast; so proud of the importance of having two grown-up persons to look after, that she almost ceased to be sorry for her father's accident. Besides, didn't he joke and laugh? So there couldn't be much the matter with him. When the church bells ceased to ring, Star Court was very quiet. Its inhabitants were not church-goers, and a good many of them were keeping their holiday in bed: some sleeping off the effects of excessive over-night "jollity," and others snuggling between their poor blankets, because, thin and scanty though they were, it saved coals and increased comfort to put off lighting still more meagre fires. Those of the Star Courtiers who were up were almost all within doors. The fallen snow, not yet trodden into yellow slush, dulled the footfalls of the very few who were about. The cabman who brought Jude home was the only neighbour who had as yet looked in to inquire after him. Cicely could hear every cinder fall as she sat before the fire taking her breakfast. She stole into their rooms on tiptoe to see how her father and sister were, and finding them both asleep, brought a bowl to the fire, and sat down before it to peel the potatoes. She had nearly accomplished this task, and was meditating still more ambitious attempts at cookery, when, somewhat to her disappointment, her sister made her appearance. However, when the saucepans had been put on, and Mary had gone to tidy up her father's room in readiness for the doctor's visit, Cicely, considering herself left in charge, proceeded to lift up the lids pretty frequently, harpooning with a fork the pork and greens, and letting out moistly aromatic whiffs of raisin mottled pudding. Then, standing on tiptoe, she tugged at the dresser-drawer with such a will that, when at last she made it move, she almost brought it down upon the floor with herself under it.

Cicely was bent on taking Time by the forelock in her attempts to save her sister trouble, and so proceeded to lay the cloth for dinner. After a great deal of flapping, and hauling askew, now on this side and now on that, the cloth was at length unfurled with some approximation to straightness. It was only on Sundays and holidays that the Waples dined together in state with a cloth and so on, and little Cicely could not resist the temptation of preparing the table for three, although she knew that her father could not sit at it, and, indeed,

was by no means sure that the doctor would let him even taste their Christmas cheer.

The door was thrown open, and outside stood the doctor, shaking the snowflakes off his overcoat, and stamping and kicking off the snow that had balled upon his boots; a man who meant kindly, but who had somehow got it into his head that poor patients considered a blustering manner in a doctor facetious.

"Here, girl, take this, and hang it by the fire," he said to Cicely, handing her his damp overcoat. Then he shook the snowflakes off his hat into the fire, and stalked into Jude's room.

"Well, Waple, and how are we now? Had a bad night, I suppose? But if people will break their bones, they must take the consequences. Let me see your bandages. You've been loosening these on purpose."

So Jude, who already could hardly breathe, was rebandaged almost to suffocation-point.

"What may your father eat? Why, of course, he must keep his strength up. Give him some of that stuff you have got out there. It smells good. You don't want to get your father's share for yourself, do you? But mind, Waple, that you don't over-eat yourself; and don't you go catching cold and getting a cough, or I won't answer for the consequences. A man who will break his bones is obstinate enough to do anything. You really are big enough to know better, Waple. Bones ain't piecrust, you great idiot."

So having spoken, Dr. Gale took his departure, under the impression that all the Waples considered him a most amusing gentleman.

But Cicely was very indignant. "He dursn't call father names, only father's in bed," she said.

"Never mind, Cis," answered Jude. "You go with your sister and eat your dinner. The doctor says that I may have some; but it ain't much as I can relish to-day. So, specially as it's Christmas, you take a double lot to old Jimmy."

Old Jimmy was a kind of pensioner of Jude's—a ballast-heaver, often disabled by rheumatism, often out of work when he could have done it. Whenever the Waples had anything out of the common for dinner, Cicely was sent with a basinful of it for old Jimmy. He was grateful in a way for their kindnesses, but old Jimmy's was a very repining way.

"Oh, you *have* come, then," he said, when Cicely stepped into his little room with her big basinful of savoury food. It was a very wretched little room, in which old Jimmy was crouching over what looked like a largish dying ember rather than a coal-fire. When the old man took hold of the basin which Cicely had kept hot under her shawl, the warmth seemed a comfort to his poor old hands; and when he had impatiently taken off the plate which covered the basin, he greedily snuffed up the warm, unctious fumes that gushed out, as if they could serve him both for food and fire.

"Oh you *have* come," said old Jimmy. "When I heerd last night what'd a-'appened to yer father, thinks I to myself, There—there's your dinner gone. I'm sure I were wery sorry to 'ear on it—let alone the dinner. I'd a-come to 'ear 'ow it all 'appened, if I could ha' got about. But, thinks I, There, there's your dinner gone. They'll be too much took up with their father, most like, to cook anythink, or, if they does, they'll be too much took up to think o' me. But you've brought it, and I'm sure I thank ye.

"But she hain't brought me no mustard, though, and I hain't got none," old Jimmy added in an aggrieved tone, when Cicely had gone. "I knew they'd be too much took up to think o' me."

In the afternoon little Katie made her appearance at Jude Waple's door. "I should ha' been here afore to ax 'ow Mr. Waple were," she said to Mary, "but Granny were that shook last night she can't scarce abide me out o' her 'and. 'Twere on'y jest now she could make out 'ow it all 'appened. And please I were to say that Granny 'll come and play to Mr. Waple, if so be as Mr. Waple 'ud like it. Granny thought, p'r'aps, 't might cheer 'im a bit—him a-laying in his bed of a Chris'mas Day, and all along o' us like."

"Yes, let the old woman come, and give her a dish o' tea, Mary," said Jude to his daughter when she asked him how it should be. "'Twill be a kind o' change for you and her as well as for me. She needn't play much if you don't like it, and I suppose the poor old woman's playin' *ain't* fust-rate. And the little un can have a game with Cis. It's dull for Cis, poor little girl. I'd promised to take her to see the sliders in the park."

So Old Carrots and her Span'el were brought into Jude's bedroom. Katie for a time nestled at her Granny's feet, whilst the poor old woman played and sang in her feeble, faded fashion, and talked and listened. But at last Katie crept to the fire in the outer room, before which she and Cicely played with the monkey and the doll and a blacking-bottle and a brass candlestick, dressed up in dusters to represent dolls, and with a score of extemporized toys—preferred by all kinds of children, after a bit, to real toys, because the latter, I suppose, do not give so much play to a child's fancy and imagination.

"Ain't *you* cold?" Jude asked the old woman.

"No, thankee, Mr. Waple. I hain't took my shawl off, and you've got sich a fire yonder that, with the door open, it's quite 'ot enough for me in 'ere. It's cheery for an old 'ooman sich as me to feel sich a fire as that. 'Taint horfen I do. The wery flappin' on it sounds cheerful. Ah," she said, turning to Mary, "it's nice to have a man to look arter ye—when they *do* look arter ye. A father sich as you've got, or a husband sich as maybe you'll be gittin' one o' these days; an' then you've got your little sister. But I hain't a soul as really belongs to me in the 'ole world, deary. For ten year afore I got my little Katie, I were all alone. Katie ain't nothin' really o' mine, but she and me couldn't be more to each other if she was—p'r'aps if I'd been her real granny she mightn't ha' thought so much o' me. Anyhow, I can't abide the thought of ever being lonely again, as I were before I got Katie, not afore I die. But then, please God, I shall go to heaven, and that 'on't be lonely. If I could only take Katie with me—though it ain't reasonable for an old 'ooman like me to talk like that. You may think, though, what a turn it give me last night when I thought my little gal was killed. I was so shook that it worn't till jest afore Katie came round to ye that I could make out as it was Mr. Waple as had saved her. Then I thinks to myself, silver and gold have I none, but sich as I have I'll give unto 'im, willin'. I'll go an' play the 'arp to 'im, if he likes, as David used to cheer up Saul when *he* was ill, poor gentleman."

Old Carrots' biblical illustration, perhaps, was not the most appropriate that might have been selected, but Jude knew that her meaning was good. "And I'm sure I thank ye kindly," he answered; "but I feel now as if I could sleep a bit, so you and Mary'd better go and get a warm by the fire."

After the "dish of tea," which, owing to the derangement of the Waples' hours and the plentiful remnants of the Christmas dinner, had proved a much later and more abundant meal than is generally

understood under that name, Mary and Cicely, Granny and Katie were all sitting round the fire, nodding; Mary and Cicely from want of rest. Old Carrots and her Span'el from the effects of the unwonted fire in which they basked, and, perhaps, of the unwonted fare on which they had feasted. Jude, waking up in the next room, saw them from his bed, which commanded the fire.

"Why," he said, with a little laugh, "we've all been asleep together. It's time you were all in your beds. But suppose we just have a verse first. Cissy, light a candle, and get your Testament. Turn to Luke second, and begin at the eighth verse." So, greatly to the astonishment of little Katie, who did not even know her letters, Cissy read out that rhythmical piece of Christmas poetry:

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

"You needn't read any more to-night, Cis," said Jude; "there, I don't think that any of us is the worse for having heard that beautiful bit. And now before we say good-night—I s'pose I mustn't jine in—but you four might manage 'Praise God' among ye. Can't you play it, mum?"

So Granny strummed the tune on her battered old harp, and joined her worn-out old voice with the shrill voices of the little girls, and the weak voice of the invalid elder girl in singing the doxology. It was not a very musical performance, but it sounded as if it came from the heart.

"Blest if they ain't a-singin' psalms as merry as mavishes at the blacksmith's!" cried astonished Perliteful Bill. "Well that Waple *is* a rum cove. If I'd a-broken *my* ribs, it 'ud be the wuss for my women-folk if they took to caterwaulin' round me."

Perliteful Bill was in the "excited state" in which Christmas night generally found him; but the sound of the doxology no longer tempted the costermonger to send a brickbat through the blacksmith's windows. He staggered home pondering the fact as a perplexing question of which, since the blacksmith was in some respects so good a fellow even according to the costermonger's code of morals, he, Perliteful Bill—wide-awake as he considered himself—might possibly not quite understand all the bearings.

"What kind o' night is it, Mary?" asked Jude, when she had come back to arrange him for the night after bolting the door after their departed guests.

"Sharp frost, father, but the sky's quite clear, and the stars are out as keen as in the country."

"Well, now, my girl, you go to your own bed. No, I shan't have you sittin' up with me to-night. There'll be two of us wantin' the doctor. You look now as if you was fit to drop. You put the stick here—so—and now, if I want anything, I can knock against the wall, and you or Cis will sure to hear me."

Little Cicely, who had been saying her prayers at her father's bedside, climbed on to the bedside chair, and leaned over to give Jude her good-night kiss.

"Don't it seem queer, father," she said, "that though you've been a-bed, we haven't had somehow not quite such a bad sort o' Christmas Day after all?"

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.*

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

FAITH KEMP AND HER YOUNG PATIENT.

CHAPTER I.

DISCOURSE ON WRECKS.

FRAGMENTS of wrecks were scattered along the beach. Here, thrust deep into the sand, was a timber from the keel of some whaler that had once been famous in Arctic Seas; there, the centreboard of a catboat, once a fisher's pride; driven hard among the rocks was the hull of a coasting schooner, which the tides had washed as it lay for five years; yonder, battered beyond repair, was the longboat torn by some storm from a passing brig; there, barnacle-fretted and weed-festooned, were the ribs of a yacht swept from distant moorings. Among all these wrecks, the children of the summer guests and of the fisher folk shouted and played and climbed, now enacting Robinson Crusoe or Casabianca, now having a romp of hide-and-seek, laughter echoing, fresh voices calling, mirthful eyes and dimples and golden locks gleaming in the sun, amid this jetsam of loss and terror and tempest.

All wrecks are saddening, but wrecks of homes and hearts and lives are sadder than the ruins that are wrought by sea and storm.

The house on the crest of the beach was a wreck also. It was a small house, unpainted and bare. Its windows shone dazzlingly clear; the stone doorstep was well swept; there were pots of mignonette and sweet alyssum in the windows, and the bees left for them the blue lupine and hazy purple lavender or sea-thrift at the sand line.

The house was a wreck — the wreck of a once honourable and flourishing home. The three who lived in it were wrecks also, poor débris of a household once happy and prosperous. "Kemp's house," people called it; and Kemp was the saddest wreck of all—a wreck of what had been a scholar and a gentleman, a husband, father, friend.

* What I have to say of this story is brief. It is true. There are terrible wrongs stalking abroad, wrongs to the home and to the heart; wrongs that sap the foundations of the State and bring shame upon the Church of God. Right these wrongs if you can, or, at least, right them as far as you can. —THE AUTHOR

There are some wrecks to which the crews cling staunchly, and with steadfast hearts, firm to duty though bereft of hope, and stalwart arms knit to a final effort, still strive to bring into port, and this house was one of these. So much for wreckage.

It was June, and mid-morning. The air was warm and full of health and comfort as it came with the sunshine into the open doors and casements; the sea crimpled and rippled in little glittering curves, looking so harmless and so fair as it kissed with satisfied murmurs the tawny sands! Letty sat by the window where the flowers bloomed. A little box neatly converted into a case, gay with olive-green felt and brass tacks, held her books. She had on her lap a light frame, across which was tightly drawn a breadth of linen, and her small supple fingers, working with the swift precision of machinery, were converting the linen into a very marvel of drawn work. Standing upon the table was yet another frame, upon which was tacked black satin, having in progress in gold thread a stork on one leg, contemplative, among rushes, and a dragon fly.

Letty was wise; if it was her lot to sit from morning until night busy at costly embroidery for the delight of the wealthy, she gave her mind and her eyes the rest of change, and turned by times from drawn work to gold thread, and from gold thread to silk

Letty worked in the sunshine, but she lived in the shadow. There are shadows of the heart. In the air about her were mingled some of the sweetest sounds of nature; the breeze gently playing among the grasses; the waves lapping sleepily the sand beach; the low hum of bees continually busy and continually happy—for activity and happiness are nearly allied. Letty heard none of these sweet sounds. Not that she was deaf, but because they were drowned out by other sounds,—loud, rude, frantic, wretched,—that thundered not only upon her sensitive ears, but upon her yet more sensitive heart.

There was a door opposite Letty's chair, a door strong and well fastened, and it seemed that it needed both of these qualities if it were to resist the usage to which it was subjected. This door quivered and rattled on its hinges, and the strong fastenings of a bolt and two hooks danced and clicked in their places as heavy blows and kicks from within were delivered upon its unpainted sturdy oak panels. The door opened from, not into, the room where Letty sat, and she was in nowise afraid of its giving way, but she kept lifting anxious gray eyes which would have been beautiful only for the supreme sorrow in them, and she cast troubled looks at the door from behind which, accompanying the blows, came shouts, groans, moans, wails, expostulations.

"Let me out, I say! Is this the way to treat a gentleman and a scholar? O Shakespeare, well did you write that it is sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child! Open this door and beg my pardon, wicked and ungrateful girl, before you bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave! I have nourished and brought up children and they have rebelled against me. *Open this door!* Am I your father, or am I not? At this rate who would be a father? Cruel child, do you not know that justice will overtake you, and you will not live out half your days in the land which the Lord has given thee—or any other land? Be sure your sin will find you out! Little fiend, sitting there triumphing in my miseries and your own wickedness; hideous little monster, let me out!"

At these words Letty began to cry. Not that they were new words; she had often heard them, and she always cried. When one is crying one cannot do fine embroidery, so

Letty laid down the drawn-thread work and rose. As she did so and came out of the shelter of her chair, it could be seen that Letty, with the face and head of a grown person, had only the height of a child of twelve, and that while she had no hump, her spine was not normal. As she stood one might question whether Letty were a child or a woman—a child with a very old face or a woman with a very small frame. Her hands and feet suited the size of her frame; her hair was remarkably heavy, of a burnished brown, wound in thick braids about her head; her face, well featured, with a smooth, clear, dark skin, seemed that of a person of middle age—a person who had known many sorrows. Letty was twenty-three.

When she had risen from her chair she walked over to a wall roll that hung above a small table, and reaching upon her tiptoes she closed her eyes, and, after a little hesitant straying of her fingers among the leaves, she turned them over, and then looked to see what verse she had found. This was Letty's fashion of *Sortes Virgilianæ*. She was sure of not finding any unhelpful word among her leaves, for they all bore some of the sweetest texts and promises of the sacred Word.

"Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his."

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee."

This is a very good and comfortable book for them that mourn, surely. Letty wiped the lingering mist from her sad, dark eyes and went back to her work. The uproar in the inner room had been in progress for over an hour, and Letty's courage had almost given way; but now the blows and protestations came less vigorously and there were lulls between.

When one of the silences had lasted for some minutes Letty began to sing. Her voice was a woman's, full, rich, sweet, and she sang:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord."

In and out of the black satin went the needle, while the silence in the next room deepened and Letty's song rose to the accompaniments of breeze and bees and lapping summer waters.

When the silence in the other room had lasted for over an hour, Letty rose and quietly drew the bolt and undid the hooks, but without opening the door. Then she placed a chair by the little table and set on the table a tray with bread, butter, cold meat, mustard, pickles, and cheese. Next she lit a little oil stove and prepared to make coffee. These cares being completed, she went back to her window and took up her drawn work.

The sun and the little clock on the wall united in declaring it to be high noon, when there was a shuffle and stir in the closed room, and then the door opened and a robust man of middle age came out. His steps were uncertain and slow; he had the air of a bad child who had been shut up for some unrepented misdemeanour. He sat down and looked darkly at Letty and the boiling teakettle. Letty in silence rose and made the coffee.

"I don't see why," the man began in a complaining, monotonous voice, "I don't see why you use me so, Letty. Why do you lock the door of my room? Why is my room so bare and destitute and with nothing nice in it? Why is not Faith in the house? Faith is my handsome girl. Where is she? Why don't she stay near her unhappy father? Why do you sit there and stitch, stitch, stitch, when you know I hate it? And it is not good for you, Letty; it keeps you from growing. Why am I come to this? Why is Ralph Kemp, the scholar and gentleman, come down to this unseemly,

poor little dwelling? Where is my son Hugh? Why did you send him away, Letty? You had no right—had you?—to send a son away without consulting his father. Where is he? Why is he not here to keep me company? Hugh was so witty, Letty—not dull and grave like you. Why is it that my witty child and my handsome child are never near me—only you, Letty, *only you?"*

Still keeping on with the drawn work, and holding over herself such iron self-control that no tears came and no quiver broke her voice, Letty, as her hand flew back and forth, and her eyes were fastened on her work, replied:

"Father, the door was locked so that you could do no damage to anyone or to yourself when you did not know what you were doing. Your room we have to keep so bare and empty, you know, so that there will be nothing for you to break or harm yourself with when you are not yourself. Faith has gone down to the rocks with her work. You remember Faith cannot stay in the house when you *are so.* It makes Faith too nervous. I keep at my work because I must, you see, to get us food. We are very poor, father. Never mind me, dear, it will not hurt me; God sends me enough strength each day for the day. Dear father, you are come to this; your fortunes are fallen and you have lost your place in this world because you cannot keep from drinking, my poor dear. It is that terrible drink that has brought you down, and you know how often you have said you would never touch it again.

"Hugh has gone, father. Yes; I sent him away. You know it was for the best. We could not keep a boy like Hugh where he had no friends, no chance to go to school, ne one to help him along. He would have had only the rough 'longshoremen to go with here. He went to Uncle Wharton, you remember, and the promise was that he should stay with him until he is of age, and until then he is not to see us or even write to us. That seems rather hard, father, but it was Uncle Wharton's way: he was so very angry at you, father. Our only hope for Hugh was to send him away. Don't you remember that you used to take him to saloons and where the people gamed and drank? We could not let Hugh grow up that way, father; he is a Kemp, you know. And, father, I stay with you always because I can take care of you, and I love you, my poor dear."

The unhappy Ralph Kemp looked up and winced a little at the pathos of these last words.

All these facts, often reiterated, had yet constantly to be repeated because they constantly slipped from Ralph Kemp's enfeebled brain, which kept but some dim and shifting shadow of them, at which by his questions he seemed to be clutching, and they must needs be set forth so he could grasp them and hold them in clearness once more. If Letty had been silent, over and over again in endless and miserable iteration his complaining voice would have pressed its questions and made its assertions. Only by clear answers could Letty purchase silence. Thus, as many times before, she gave these answers by which she purchased peace, although they were her father's arraignment at the bar of her conscience and of his—and no doubt were but feeble echoes of that weightier arraignment which should challenge his soul when naked from the body it stood before a more mighty tribunal than that of Rhadamanthus.

Having heard what Letty had to say, her father bowed his head sighing. Letty finished making the coffee, and then taking his hand led him to the little table. He ate slowly, seeming lost in thought, and with his head bent sidewise mused between each mouthful. Finally

the meal was finished and by means of sleep, food, and hot coffee sobriety had returned. Like Samson of old, waked out of sleep, the father went out to shake himself.

The cool, pure breeze, the fresh, clean face of nature called him to his better self and rebuked his degradation. With soberness had come those graspings at his former better self and estate which made Ralph Kemp's state profoundly pitiable. He shut himself in his room.

Letty meanwhile took her noonday lunch and set the little table in order for someone who failed to come, and her anxious gray eyes traversed the beach in vain for the tall figure of her beautiful sister Faith. She stood by the door looking out and giving a patient little sigh or two. It comforted her to look at that broad expanse of sea and remember that He holds that great ocean in the hollow of His hand. The strong One would not then faint or grow weary under those burdens which poor Letty hourly cast from her sinking heart upon His kind compassion — the father, Faith, the absent brother. How could she bear the burden of them all and solve the mysterious problems of their lives? Through much need, through sore tribulations, this girl had learned to fly to her God with her daily cares. Where were these three whom she loved so well and for whom she could do so little? Nearer and dearer to God than to herself—of that she was certain, and her heart grew lighter at the thought. So, back to her work again, for there was no time for Letty to fold her hands. Perhaps it was well that there was not—she was happier so. Her life was a routine: not only the work, but such incidents as these to-day were not exceptional, but part of the regular order of events, returning just about so often, and likely to return so long as Letty and her father lived.

By-and-bye the back room door opened and Ralph came out, clothed and in his right mind. Clean, shaven, well-brushed, his worn shoes blacked, his garments orderly, he looked even more of a wreck and ruin in this striving after respectability than when he let all the outer man fall to the level of the debased moral nature.

This was his hour of repentance. He always repented, and perhaps that was even harder for Letty than were his vituperations. He came to her and knelt down by her and clasped the small, busy hands and stopped them in their work and kissed them.

"My Letty! angel of a child! Just like your mother, always trying to save me from myself! What an unworthy father I am! How little I deserve your devotion! Forgive me, my poor injured child! You are dearer than Hugh or Faith; they abandon me; you never do. You ought to hate me! Poor little maid, checked and stunted and spoiled in your growth by my fault, my fault, my most grievous fault! Never mind it, Letty, when I accuse you and complain of you; it is not I that do it, but the demon that rises in me. Don't grow weary and forsake me, Letty! If you do, what hope shall I have? for heaven and men alike despise me, and only you, my child, cling to me. If Calais was written on poor Mary Tudor's heart, Letty is written on mine. It is your name and your mother's, my poor little girl!"

CHAPTER II.

THE PRETTY SISTER'S ADVENTURE.

Not a quarter of a mile beyond the little house on the beach, a bold shoulder of rock was thrust from the land into the sea. Ages of storms had here denuded the framework of the hill, and heaped along the shore and out into the water were the huge fragments of what

had been a cliff, and these were mingled with boulders of very different rock, which had been long ago, in the ice age, swept down upon these coasts and used, like the catapults and battering-rams of old, to destroy this cliff in some Atlantean strife.

The face of the cliff is cut by the slow chisel of the rain and dew, and in the crevice the fern and columbine find foothold. So this cliff, which had fronted and defied the sea when the world was young, now broken and barnacle-fretted and weed-draped, had become a throne and a canopy of state to a young girl, dimpled and golden-haired and fair as May.

One waterworn and hollowed rock offered a commodious seat, the fine warm sand before it was a luxurious footstool, the great rocks above the seat afforded a resting-place and a shelter from both wind and sun; there was even a little flat ledge which held a basket, a book, and something done up in a white napkin.

The girl on her stone chair of state and comfortably resting back against the rock was busy making point lace. Her coarse blue flannel gown was perhaps shrunken from long use; it failed to come down to two very pretty feet. She wore a round blue cotton hat with a stitched rim—a twenty-five-cent affair common at cheap stores at the seaside—and this, pushed well back on her head, which rested on the gray rock, surrounded her lovely Madonna face like an aureole. The girl's waving golden hair was gathered in a loose knot lying low upon her neck, and her eyes, cast down upon the lace-work, were shaded by long, dark lashes.

This was Faith, Letty's sister, who had fled from the din and distraction of the little house on the beach. She had come here flushed, panting, excited, indignant, self-compassionate, stung with a bitter sense of degradation and anger. Years and repetitions had not taught her indifference or even patience with the troubles of her home. But now these distressful feelings had passed out of her face and the dimples had reasserted themselves, and through her mind drifted song. For had she not the warm, wide air, the sunshine lying upon the sea, the sweet sounds of nature all about her? And had she not youth and beauty, and that perfect health which makes mere living luxury? All the blood pulsing in that well-moulded, vigorous young frame was full of vital energy, and the soundness and strength of the body soothed and dispelled the disturbances of the mind. Moreover, when one is well and strong and full of hope one soon rises superior to the troubles of to-day—and Faith was just twenty-one.

Looking at her there—tall, supple, fine—she seemed much better fitted then poor little Letty to cope with the demons that had invaded her home. But physical strength is not always yoked with moral or spiritual strength, and in these lines Letty had vastly the advantage. In patience, self-sacrifice, humility, compassion, sympathy, Letty, who had always to contend with physical discomfort and an hourly sense of lack of beauty and vigour, far surpassed her lovely sister; and patience, self-sacrifice, humility, compassion, and sympathy are a mighty pentarchy in the soul.

So when the unhappy father had—as oftened happened—come home drunk, and Letty, to prevent evil consequences to others, had fastened him securely in his room, and next day the successions of fury, recrimination, penitence, and apology were to be gone through with, Letty remained at her self-appointed post, while Faith fled, as always when the weather permitted.

She meant to stay away until peace was fully restored. She could do no good by remaining at home;

her indignation might break out against the disturber of the peace. Possibly she secretly felt that she was not treating her little sister quite fairly when she folded up that small lunch of bread and meat, and, without stating her purpose, set off, intending to be gone for the day. Letty would not have opposed her plan strongly, but Faith did not like to meet the sad look of Letty's eyes or hear her patient sigh when she realized how intolerable to Faith the home miseries were becoming. It did not occur to her that Letty's eyes would be very sad and her heart very heavy, looking for Faith when she did not come.

All the way to the rocks Faith had walked swiftly, with head thrown back, shoulders held well up, long, quick steps, her lips firm set and level glances of wrath flaming from her eyes. But the exercise and the pure air and the sunshine had done her good and called her thoughts away from her troubles; and as the lace slowly grew under her fingers, and she stole a look at her book now and again, life became not only endurable but enjoyable once more.

"If only *doing, striving,* would accomplish anything!" she said. "But how can any good ever come to me—to us? We are bound hand and foot by our father's sin.

"But then Letty's hopes grow because they are set on heaven; here she only expects to endure. But I'm different from Letty; I want something for this world, and I expect that is right, too, for God made me in this world and has kept me here, and here is all the place I know anything about. Doesn't the Bible say, 'The grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee: . . . the living, the living, he shall praise thee'? I'm here, and I have to stay here, and whatever I do is to be done here. But what is the use of thinking of it? I am so tied down and hemmed in, I feel like a captive in a dungeon, sure enough. Sometimes I get fairly wild for a little better chance—for something beyond earning bare bread and shoes and striving against waste and dissipation! Poor Letty! she would be frightened if she knew just how I feel!"

And here into Faith's dreamings and musings came a loud, shrill cry, as if from a child in trouble. Out of her rock covert came Faith and surveyed the beach. A few rods from her sat a little lad on the sand, his hat pushed back on his head, his hands clasping his bare feet, rocking to and fro and shrieking in pain and despair.

"Why, what's wrong here, my little man?" cried Faith, running to him.

At this apparition of a tall and beautiful damsel running to him, full of sympathy and with possibilities of help, the child lifted tear-filled blue eyes, wet, red, face, and checking his shrieks into sobs gave answer:

"Fishhooks!"

Sure enough; this lost infant was entangled in two or three fishing lines, much as Christian and Hopeful were bound in the nets of the Flatterer; moreover, one of these lines having trailed about him, he had trodden on a hook and it had entered his foot, and while he danced about in the pain of this disaster he trod with the other foot on the hook of another line, and so here he sat wailing.

"Why, why!" cried Faith, going down on her knees beside him; "I never knew a little boy to catch such big fish, and I never knew a fish to make so much noise when caught! Don't you know fishes are silent? They only make a noise when they are dead, and sputtering in a pan. Did you ever hear a fish sputter in a pan?"

"No-o-o-o," mourned the little boy.

"See here, I'm going to get you out of all these troubles and make

you as right as a trivet in no time, only you must not frighten me by crying. Try now if you cannot stop crying, and clear up your eyes and be cheerful and give me advice, and see that I do things about right. Come, come! you are a boy, and will grow into a man; you must be brave. Suppose by-and-bye you become a soldier and are a great general and go into war; why, you may get wounded, and you will not want to cry then, surely! Keep quiet now. Here are three or four fish lines and half a dozen hooks flying about, and you'll be caught again if you don't look out. Here's one fast in your shirt already! The first thing to do is to have these lines and other hooks disposed of nicely. While I wind them up, you think how the fish must feel to have these barbed things put into their poor mouths."

Thus discoursing, Faith wound up line after line, having much ado to disentangle them and fasten securely the stray hooks. Next, with the points of the small sharp scissors that hung at her waist she cut the hook out of the shirt, and finally her small boy sat on the beach, dismal, with a hook in each foot.

Now Faith had time to perceive that this was not a fisherman's child, nor one accustomed to going barefooted. His plump, pink feet and round legs had never been tanned and hardened by exposure to sun and wind. The shirt-waist she had been snipping was of fine cambric and city make, his silk tie had been knotted by careful, tasteful fingers, and the little knee breeches were of the finest cloth. Sure enough, there on the beach lay long black stockings and a pair of buttoned boots. This was one of the summer boarders' children, from the hotel half a mile away.

"Are you pretty brave?" asked Faith, "or are you accustomed to howl every time you are hurt?"

"I'm brave—when I have to be," said the boy.

"That's all right," said Faith. "There is no need of being any braver than is necessary; we don't want to throw away courage any more than we want to throw away cake. I don't think it is a good plan to put on courage enough to meet a lion every time we see a kitten."

The boy laughed.

"That's right," said Faith; "I want to see you in a cheerful frame of mind, so you will have courage while I get these hooks out of your feet. You see, I can't pull them out, because they have barbs; I must cut them out; and so you will be just like a big boy, for every big boy I ever saw has had a fishhook cut out of his flesh some time or another. It is the fate of boys. Now don't wince or jerk. I'll do the best I can."

With this preface Faith took out a very sharp little knife which she sometimes used about her lace work, and addressed herself to the task of cutting out the hooks; but she did not trust her boy in the matter of jerking. She took the unfortunate pink feet, first one and then the other, prisoner between her knees, and held them vicelike until the deed was done. Her captive flung himself back and roared lustily for a minute or two, but was consoled by Faith's cry of "All right now; here are your hooks!" So he sat up and watched Faith wash his feet in sea water, which smarted a little, but would be very good for them, she assured him; and then she bound one foot up in his handkerchief and one in her own, and said that she would carry him to her seat among the rocks.

"We will play that I am a mermaid, and that you are a little fairy prince come to visit me."

"I can never walk home," sighed the child.

"Oh, in a couple of hours I think

you can put on your stockings and shoes, and get along very well. Perhaps someone will come to look for you, or I may see someone going along the beach who will carry you home."

"Perhaps Ken will stop for me," said the boy. What is your name, Miss Mermaid?"

"Faith. What is yours, little prince?"

"Richard Parvin. If you are Faith, where are Hope and Charity? I always hear about those three abiding—somewhere."

"They are up at my house," said Faith, with a remorseful twinge about Letty left alone; "they always abide there."

"Your house must be a pretty nice place, if you are always as funny as you are to-day," said Richard with conviction.

"Now I will make the prince a seaweed bed," said Faith, heaping up dry weed in a nook between two rocks; "and now that you are well settled for a visit, how will some lunch strike you?" and she laid out the napkin and placed upon it the bread and meat. These her guest, with the usual inconsequent haste of small boys, devoured at once. After that he did some thinking.

"Why don't you stop working and play in the sand?" said Faith's company. "I always play on the beach."

"I have to work. I can't afford to stop. I'm poor folks."

"You don't look poor-folksey."

"Thank you. Then I am not what I seem."

"Richard! Rich-ar-r-rd!" Loud shouts from someone.

"There's Ken!" said the small boy with some animosity, "and I've a mind to just let him holler 'n' holler, an' go clear home without me—an' he'd catch it from mamma."

"But in that case how would you get home yourself?"

"Well, p'rhaps you'd better let him know where I am."

"Here! here!" cried Faith, running out from her rock house to direct Richard's truant playmate. And so calling, she ran almost against a tall, bronzed young man of about six feet in height and broad in proportion, wearing a very stylish suit of seal-brown corduroy.

"Oh!" exclaimed Faith, stopping in vexation and confusion.

Off came the young man's hat. "My little cousin Richard said he would meet me by these rocks. I was calling him."

"Here I am, Ken!" shouted the little lad, "in her rock house! She is mermaid, and I'm a prince; we're playing it, Ken!"

"Delightful play! Let me join it. As I can't presume to be a prince, let me be the humblest of the Tritons," said the stranger, turning in behind the sheltering rocks to find Richard lying at ease with bandaged feet.

Faith followed, angry to a degree. Her solitude was intruded upon, and she had forced herself upon the acquaintance of one of these summer people! She was by nature a proud girl, and something ambitious; she had good blood in her veins, and suffered keenly from her fallen fortunes. The social disadvantage at which she found herself made her silent and resentful to golden youth of either sex. With the little lad she could be all playfulness, but now the mermaid taking her throne again looked rather a wrathful Juno.

"Fishhooks! The fishhooks in your feet!" cried Kenneth to Richard.

"Was it *you* gave that child those lines with all those hooks?" demanded Faith with superfluous indignation. "I should think you would have known better!"

"He wanted them," said Kenneth, crestfallen before the irate beauty.

"Suppose he did want them! must people have whatever they want, whether it is well for them

or not? We want plenty of things in this world which we cannot have. We begin by crying for a lighted candle; would you give a baby a candle?"

"I think I would if it cried very hard for it."

"Have you had everything you want, for instance?" said Faith, disgusted with his flippancy.

"Pretty nearly," said the golden youth, with the cheerfulness of one to whom the world has been very good.

"Then when the time comes that you want something and can't have it, I'm afraid you'll behave very badly about it."

"Indeed, I hope not," said Kenneth, to whom this sharpness seemed very piquant and amusing, as unusual to his experience.

"You will," said Faith positively. "Adversity is the nurse of noble souls; only your views about having every whim gratified are all wrong. No wonder you came near letting this child be lamed for life!"

"Say, Ken, I'm hungry," said Richard, "and I've eaten up all her dinner. She gave it to me, and I ate it before I thought."

"Oh, no!" cried Faith mendaciously. "That was only a little treat for stray boys who visit my cave."

Perhaps Kenneth believed that. He unstrapped a flat basket from his shoulders and proceeded to lay out a collation, saying, "Here is also lunch for stray boys and girls. Let us make a treaty of peace and confirm it with bread and salt, and I'll promise to take Richard's education in hand and refuse him everything that he wants, especially my fish-lines and hooks. I let him take them to carry while I went back to the swamp to get a few specimens of insects for an old friend of mine who is a collector. You can see them while I spread out my collation."

If he expected to be revenged for Faith's tartness by seeing her jump in horror at "the bugs," he was disappointed. She examined them coolly, remarking, "I've found much handsomer plenty of times." She wanted to refuse to share the picnic, but somehow found herself eating it with the rest, and before it was over they were all telling riddles and making puns and quoting poetry in high good-fellowship.

"I wish you were at the hotel," cried Kenneth. "Where do you board?"

REVERIE IN A DESERTED CHURCHYARD.*

BY IDELL ROGERS.

Sing low to me, shy songster, low and sweet,
From yonder gnarled old cypress, sweet and low;
The day is slowly dying, it is meet
All things should watch in silence here below.

The folded mists, with lambent amber dyed,
Are nestling midway o'er the wooded height;
A cricket trills his evesong by my side,
The swallows nestward drift in drowsy flight.

As unseen angels haste from Eden bowers,
To touch the golden gates with magic wand
Soft zephyrs waft sweet incense from the flowers,
While sun-kist waves are kneeling on the strand.

Far o'er the purpling hills, in dazzling sheen,
Trembles the last faint glow of evening light,
As, trailing glories o'er the hills between,
The setting sun has slowly passed from sight.

* Suggested by Charles Dickens' description of the old church in "Old Curiosity Shop."

Hushed in impassioned silence is the air,
Shrouding the wind-swept vales and distant lea,
While calmly in the wan light over there,
A sail rests motionless upon the sea.

I hear the low of kine in fields afar,
The tinkling of the bells in folds near by,
As trembling now appears the first pale star,
And glances sidelong from the western sky.

Where yonder maple lifts and spreads aloft
Its crimson branches o'er the frowning clift,
The crescent of the new moon, gleaming soft,
Is sifting silver through the clouds' wide rift.

Soft is the murmur of the moonlit waves,
As winds and waves in pastoral measures roll,
The grasses rustle o'er forsaken graves,
While long-forgotten memories wake the soul.

Their dreamy tones fall on the inward ear,
Like changing echoes of some olden rhyme,
Sitting in the deserted churchyard here,
Weird, spectral shadows haunt the shores of time,

Oh, strange, weird phantoms of the storied past,
Empire of death, oblivion and decay—
Still holy lives have hallowed fame and cast
Soft sunset glories o'er another's day.

I hear the sound of drums, the storm-clouds lower,
Battles are fought and bloody victories won,
For hollow fame or selfish lust of power,
That palls and sickens e'er the setting sun.

I see the valiant warrior, brave and strong,
With gorgeous panoply and nodding plume,
Hero of famous deeds in minstrel's song,
The flower of chivalry blooms o'er his tomb.

Beneath yon quaint and old baronial arch,
While countless seasons slowly ebb and wane,
Sleep gallant knights, who once, in warlike march,
Smote heathen foes on Israel's battle-plain.

Here by this moss-grown altar once they prayed,
And rising, left one offering, their all,
To tread the valleys where the Christ-child strayed,
Redeeming holy ground from pagan thrall.

From storied windows, richly interlaced
With quaint embossing, crimson glories fall,
And linger near the graves of those who faced
Death's solemn mysteries at the tocsin's call.

Death's consummation crowns completed work,
Or comes too soon. Some task to each is given;
And duties near us, that we may not shirk,
Are stepping-stones on which we mount to heaven.

And noble deeds effaced, or left untold
By history's pages, still shall brightly shine
When angel guardians of our lives unfold,
The hidden pages of the life divine.

Adown this old and dimly-lighted crypt,
Dreaming ascetic dreams of God and heaven,
The hooded monks have often noiseless slipt,
And softly chanted vesper hymns at even.

And here the pale musician loved to sit,
And with sweet influences touch the keys,
Till harmonies in mystic union flit,
Or falling mingle with the murmuring seas.

In these dark tombs, O Death! thou hast concealed
Unnumbered hosts; to-night they dreamless sleep.
Powerless 'gainst thy dread shaft was sword or shield,
Over their graves the rustling grasses sweep.

. . . . . .

Sing low to me, shy songster, sweet and low;
The roseate glow has slowly died away,
And night, with sable garments trailing low,
Chants a funereal requiem for the day.

Her haunted chambers, where low branches droop,
Thrill and resound with plaintive symphonies,
As night-winds softly touch the lake-reed's flute,
Or sweep the harpstrings of the forest trees.

The Gloria of the earth, her psalms of praise,
Arise wherever nature's pulses throb;
Commingled with the stars' seraphic lays,
Float now in dulcet minors up to God.

Cobourg, Ont.

A WRECKER'S LIGHT.

BY A DAUGHTER OF THE ITINERANCY.

When Miss Bowman first met James Forest he was eighteen, and somewhat raw as to both material and makeup. His hands and feet were splendid for work, but when out of an occupation they seemed painfully aware of their existence, and Miss Bowman used to wish that when not needed for actual use they should, on the automatic pencil plan, be withdrawn from sight. His legs and arms were long and lanky, his face and neck a blaze of sunburnt splendour, and his hair—I will not be dishonest—it was pure, undiluted red. Perhaps you can imagine how, when a scarlet necktie supported, as it often did, this weight of glory, Miss Bowman would run back in her thoughts to some of the sunsets she had seen in sunny Italy, and how she would actually sigh over the odious comparison.

But then James Forest was often at the bottom of Miss Bowman's sighs. She used to sit and look at him and wonder what kind of a transformation would be effected were his faded dirty overalls, his coarse checked shirt, and his ponderous, worn, seven-league boots, to be exchanged for more pleasingly artistic raiment. The coat and collar were sigh-breeders, too; or rather, I should say, the lack of them, for this country lad usually considered these articles of attire quite superfluous.

Many and many a time did Miss Bowman wonder why he would come to the table in soiled, steaming shirt-sleeves, when a light, thin coat would have made him more wholesome, and decent as well. She would try to imagine the change were his long neck to be clothed in a loose flannel collar, instead of a naked-looking shirt-band. To be sure on Sunday she had cause to rejoice in an overmuchness of the collar article, but she had a tender heart, this woman whom you have already dubbed critical, and she could not take pleasure in a fellow-creature's misery. So she used to sit in Father Forest's pew and feel really sorry because James Forest's high, stiff-laundried collar kept him running his fingers round inside the linen, and nervously craning and straining his neck in a fashion that betokened real, if possibly deserved, unhappiness.

Now I am afraid when I add to my description of James Forest that his manners were scarce, and, when found, imperfect, you will jump to the conclusion that he was unpromising material. Be not so hasty; you have not yet been introduced to his eyes, forehead or mouth, and until you know these parts of a man how can you guess whether he will be sage or fool?

James Forest had a fine forehead, steady blue eyes, and a pleasant mouth, and if you still persist that he was raw material out of which to fashion a Methodist minister I answer calmly, "Not so." Raw material, if the ingredients be but good, and the texture plastic, is first-class—nothing better.

So at least thought some of the wise men of the church. They took James Forest from his plain country home, gave him a start on the road that leads to a Methodist parsonage, and he straightway began to swiftly run his course. Overalls, checked shirt and top boots were tossed aside. On came the ministerial garb, the ministerial air, in short the minister himself. God has many workshops into which his master workmen take rough, unhewn boulders, turning them out as rare stones fashioned and polished "after the similitude

of a palace," but surely the great Methodist workshop excels all others in the rapidity with which it changes raw material into finely-executed, well-seasoned men and women.

James Forest was a remarkable sample of this kind of work. All along his probationary path were graves dug with his own hands. In one he dropped an intonation, in another a mannerism, in yet another an idea, and upon each gravestone was inscribed "Their loss is my gain."

And sure enough it was his gain. Lightened of these burdens he stood erect in God's pure air and looked about. On every hand were trees and rare fruit; on ahead, stretching into the mist of the future, hung fruits more wondrous still. He was hungry, he ate; and nourished by this good food he grew and pushed his way onward.

He had been just two years in the work when he was sent to Y—— station to fill a six months' vacancy, and it was then that Miss Bowman renewed her acquaintance with the farmer's lad of five years before. Then she had been a summer boarder at his father's home, now he came to be the young preacher whom she was to house and feed—and, I would say, mother—only that exception might be taken to a woman of thirty-five mothering a young man of twenty-three, so I use a misfit and say—befriend.

The first evening they were together they sat talking of ways and means—not financial ways and means, but of how men and women in Y—— might be won for the Kingdom. "Spiritual methods," Mr. Forest had called it, but Miss Bowman was old enough to translate some of her religious terms into the everyday dialect, so she said brightly,

"Give you some ideas as to ways and means? I don't know that I have any new goods in stock. It's the old, old story of being and doing, of fighting and watching, of—well, of doing our best, and then just being happy in spite of things."

"Then you think I won't have all smooth sailing here?"

"I know you won't."

"Won't you give me some pointers then—tell me what are going to be my greatest difficulties?"

Miss Bowman seemed to look the young man over and mentally take his measure. When she spoke it was with far more gravity than usual.

"Yes, I will tell you, if you want to know the honest truth. It is not my way with friends to deal much in evasive answers."

"I assure you I honestly want to know." There was no mistaking the young man's sincerity, and Miss Bowman shot forth her first arrow.

"I think then that your greatest difficulty will come from people who will be lavish in their praises of you and your work—people who will make much of you and help you to think yourself what you are not. I am speaking especially of women, for they are the greatest transgressors in this matter."

"Women! why I always got along all right with the ladies. I thought it was the men, the old men, who would be crotchety." The young preacher was surprised.

"Perhaps they may be," Miss Bowman replied, "but the women are not going to be all pointers Heavenward, I can assure you. I have seen two young ministers well-nigh ruined in this Y—— church, and I don't consider that we are worse than other folk. All young men need grace, but a young Methodist minister should be saturated to the bone therewith to stand his ground. They will spoil you, James, unless you say they shall not."

Mr. Forest looked during this plain speech like a curious child who voluntarily empties a bottle of castor oil into its mouth, but is disagreeably surprised and can't swallow the dose.

"Why, Miss Bowman," he gasped, "I really don't know what you are getting at. What do you mean? Why should I spoil more easily than any other man?"

"Why?" there is almost a touch of sarcasm in Miss Bowman's reply, "because women, and especially young women, who would not look at you dressed in tweed, will fall prostrate before the knight of the cloth, and it is difficult for a man to make his way among prostrate women."

"You are complimentary to both the young women and to myself,"—it is the young minister's turn to be caustic. "Grant that I am a fool, if you will, but please don't put the young ladies in the same list."

It was one of Miss Bowman's nice ways that when matters anywhere reached a critical point she was very likely to break into a merry peal of laughter that cooled the air.

"What a snappy pair we are!" she exclaimed, good-humouredly. "Come, laugh and help me clear the atmosphere or there will be a forest fire that, as the papers say, will devastate the country."

Mr. Forest's clouded visage brightened, he laughed a round, hearty laugh, all the while protesting—"Well, Miss Bowman, you kindled this blaze."

"But I didn't," said Miss Bowman, "you asked advice and I gave you a dose that nearly spoiled your curiosity forever; and now let me finish lest I be misunderstood. There are a lot of splendid women in our church, but there are also those who will pounce upon you and devour your modesty, before you know the delicate bloom of your character is being rubbed away. I warn you of these—they are not your friends."

Mr. Forest understood at last, and there was a silence as when a stone touches bottom and only the ripples are heard—the ripples of thought that swish their gentle voices against the shores of our silence and make even our quiet moments never quite still.

When Miss Bowman spoke it was not severely, but meditatively, as though calling up memories.

"Yes," she said, "a conceited young minister may be fit for heaven, but there really seems to be no room for him on earth."

"I agree," responded Mr. Forest.

"Well, see to it that you agree six months hence," and then Miss Bowman, seeing that the subject under discussion had grown strong enough to stand on its own feet, deliberately dropped it and turned to other matters.

The six months went by as all months go by. To some they were red-letter months, all through life to be viewed as landmarks. To others they were uneventful, slipping by with an even, monotonous tread that one grew accustomed to and scarcely noticed.

Mr. Forest would not have called them red-letter months for himself, and yet he knew that they had not been uneventful.

In taking stock he was aware of a certain slimness in some departments and a certain tendency to overflow in others. He felt he was not evenly balanced, but the getting himself into shape was miserably unsatisfactory work. His feelings were boisterous in their desire to occupy the whole man, and his thoughts were crowded and jostled into odd corners where the air was stuffy and it was easy for them to drowse and do nothing.

Miss Bowman noticed the condition of things, and she murmured—to herself, of course—"The poor lad is losing ground, and yet I warned him."

She knew better than to speak her fears abroad. The church was full of the young minister's praises, and to declare disbelief in the generally accepted theory that Mr. Forest had a pair of angels' wings folded away

under his sombre black would have been as risky as to attempt to shoot Niagara. That old cataract would have received its victim with just about as much warmth of embrace as would Y—— Methodist church the man or woman who attempted to shadow Mr. Forest's fame. They adored him, which was foolish; they told him they adored him, which was cruel.

"I declare," said Miss Bowman, "the gray-haired men and women are as bad as the rest. They are sure they have caught an angel, but suppose they had, wouldn't Gabriel himself turn into a goose before the magic of their foolishness?"

Week by week the young minister spent less time in his study and more among the people, playing croquet, attending picnics, chatting over garden gates, and generally scattering the cookies of religious food. He was a good speaker, and if sometimes his sermons were a bit frothy, he at least inflated his hearers and they thought they were thriving. His pleasant way of shaking hands with everybody and always saying the right thing in the right place pleased the people, and there were not a few to hint that the church might do worse than permanently retain this satisfactory young supply.

It was near the close of the fourth month that Miss Bowman began to notice a strange, morbid irritability about her young boarder. She wondered in silence for several weeks, then said gently one tea hour. "I think, James, you owe me an apology; you know better than to sit nearly a whole meal through and say nothing."

The fruit-spoon was held over the fruit-dish in a way that made results uncertain while Miss Bowman waited.

There was a moment's pause and then Mr. Forest literally threw an answer into the silence.

"I apologize, Miss Bowman. The fact is I am in love. When I get my fruit I want to talk to you."

Miss Bowman wondered how fruit could affect a question so grave, but she enjoyed the humour of the situation and remembered that even a man's heart and stomach have reciprocal relations, and gave him the fruit.

"You will be surprised," he said, after his first mouthful, "but I really am in love. I don't know why I have been so boorish, unless it was that I thought you wouldn't like it, and then I've been too busy lately calling on Carrie Potter to see much of the Lord Jesus Christ. Tell me what you think of it all, Miss Bowman."

Miss Bowman did not answer for a moment; then she said slowly, as though weighing her words:

"My experience has been that when a man truly loves he does not say he is in love, but simply, 'I love.' I do not honestly think, James, that you have met the woman who was made for you. Hasty feeling is ruling your heart, and then Carrie Potter is not the wife for a Methodist minister."

"Why not; she is a church member?"

"Yes, but only a nominal one, she is not a worker."

"She is retiring; she says she cannot go out like some women."

"She goes to plenty of gay parties."

Mr. Forest made an impatient movement. "Miss Bowman, you don't seem to understand my feelings, and yet you must have loved once."

That "once" had a forty-years-ago sound that amused Miss Bowman, but she only said, "Why must I?"

"Why, because everybody is bound to meet their mate. You know the Bible says, 'It is not good for man to be alone.'"

"True enough, but that does not settle the fate of us women folk. I incline to the belief that it *is* good for some women to be alone—and some men, too, for that matter."

"Well," said Mr. Forest, "it isn't good for me, anyway, and you know, Miss Bowman, I didn't decide all

in a moment; I could have married other girls."

"I dare say."

"Don't make fun. I tell you there are a score of girls I could have had for the asking."

Miss Bowman was silent. Shamefacedly she acknowledged the truth of this plain assertion, and yet she believed that God intended only one woman for this man. Why were all these girls willing to cheapen themselves, and why had they spoiled this young man's modesty. When she spoke it was with vehemence.

"Perhaps you could, but, thank God, there are women who are not to be had for the asking."

Mr. Forest looked uncomfortable, but he only said, "Then you don't approve my choice?"

"I think you are making a mistake," Miss Bowman answered, "and *you* cannot afford to make a mistake. A minister's wife may be a beacon light, but if she be a wrecker's light his chances to win souls are mightily lessened. You should wait until you see more of women and more of your work. Get your views of life broadened, your judgment matured, and then choose the woman whom you love, not the woman with whom you are 'in love.'"

There was no answer to these plain words—the September shadows grew darker across the tea-table, fruit and cake and bread seemed to lose their individuality and become a confused mass of cheerless leavings. The "survival of the fittest" among the flies gathered listlessly round the crumbs of cake scattered here and there, and the crackling grate fire fell into a heap of characterless embers. It was dreary. Mr. Forest felt chilled.

"Good-night," he said uneasily, "I am going to the Epworth League 'At Home,' and may be late." Then turning back, he added,

"Thank you, Miss Bowman. If I strike a rock it will be in spite of *your* warning light."

Miss Bowman watched him from the window, and as she saw him stop to chat with old Nancy Gray, and then link arms with wild young Tom Shepherd, she said sadly, "He is true metal, but no one can tell what form he will take."

Several years later she remembered these words of hers. The hero of her warnings came again to her home and his presence caused the old conversations to come rushing back, clamourous as old age to fill the present with the past. She remembered that in the old days she had placed a question mark after the young minister and now, as she looked at the grave, established man before her she felt like putting an exclamation mark.

Verily James Forest had taken form, but why a mould so sadly, seriously settled? It was as though he had ceased climbing with the elasticity of youth and had settled down for the rest of the journey into a monotonous jog-trot.

Miss Bowman asked him as to his work and he answered mechanically; then she waited for him to talk, and like an old man slipping back into the days of youth he forgot the present and drifted back. He spoke freely to Miss Bowman, but that was only natural. She was so clever at filling in gaps; if you told her you had rounded a certain corner, she knew exactly what was around that corner. She hadn't always been there, but she had observed the reports of those who had, and she showed in this way such a knowledge of the route that travellers liked to tell her their experiences. Then, too, her parlour was used to confidences, and the very atmosphere seemed soothingly conducive to this sort of talk. Nothing in the room struck you, but with a soft, mesmeric touch the charm enwrapped you, body and spirit. The warm, soft curtains hung close to each other, as though to speak of love and tender friendship; and when the firelight shadows

frescoed them into fantastic light and shade, there was always a feeling as though the cold, cruel world dare not push aside and enter.

Then there were books, real live books, that would not be caged, and so crept into every nook and corner; and the easy chairs that verily eased every fibre of body and brain. Dainty touches of art and rare bric-à-brac from far-away lands, and downy pillows to fill in every nook and cranny of discomfort. Ah, yes, I may catalogue the charms of that room, but I may not tell the charm; and if I might, I would not. Heaven reduced to paper is not Heaven, and when we would with rude hand of flesh handle even the poor copy of that eternal home, something within us says "sacrilege," and we hesitate. Verily, as well, when comes a messenger celestial, might we detain the angel, to count the feathers in his snowy wings.

Mr. Forest had never tried to analyze the charm of either Miss Bowman or her home. He knew that both had a tendency to comfort him and he was satisfied.

"I nearly struck one of your rocks," he said, as he stretched his long legs out in easy fashion before the glowing hearth fire. Miss Bowman laughed.

"Did they nearly spoil you?"

"Nearly. I tell you, Miss Bowman, I was a conceited puppy two years ago."

"And now?"

"Now, I only desire to show forth Jesus, and Him crucified."

There was no mistaking the earnest, solemn tone of these words.

"Never mind all the story of how I came to my senses. A keen, clear-headed woman said to me one day when I was complaining of my appointment and almost sneering at some older men who had no university degree—'I perceive that your M.A. means Moss Avenue.'

"We were passing that big church as she spoke, and some way or other, though I denied her statement, the words clung to me. I went home to pray, and that night the Spirit of God came to me and I saw myself in all my meagreness. He saved me from myself; but I tell you, Miss Bowman, it was a close call."

"You have not struck another rock?"

Mr. Forest started at this direct question. His story had been pouring forth freely—he now put in the stopper, and with more constraint in his manner he sat erect and said with slow intensity, "Miss Bowman, I will tell you what no one else shall ever know. I am not naturally a self-contained man, and it will ease the pressure to speak freely to someone.

"I am going to marry a woman who I believe will not be a beacon light, but rather that other light you spoke of; you told me my chances to win souls would be mightily lessened if I did this, and—I believe you *now.*"

"Surely you need not marry such a woman?" Miss Bowman's voice was intense.

"Do I not need to keep my pledge?"

"Yes, yes, but how do you know she is a—a wrecker's light?"

"Because," he began, with a painful flush overspreading his face, "because a year ago I saw the true beacon light, and it seemed to beckon me to Heaven; and then, in my struggle to be true to principle, I seemed to see—hell."

Miss Bowman started. There was more intensity in this man than she had suspected. "Most men who reach heaven have seen hell," she said; "you must not think of failure, even now."

"No, not entire failure, but a thorny road, and I fear about the 'abundant entrance.'"

A servant brought in a light just here, or perhaps Mr. Forest might have said more; as it was he came to another side of himself and asked abruptly, "Can you come to my marriage? You are to be invited and I should like you there."

She went, and the gathering was a fashionable one. The bride was radiant and the groom looked his best, people said; and yet to Miss Bowman it was a sombre wedding. The sun seemed afraid to appear and bless the union. His glances were timid and uncertain, and when finally a dark cloud overshadowed him it seemed as if someone had forbidden the banns. Then into the gloom came the voice of thunder and the "Someone" seemed to be God Himself, and as the rain fell fast it was easy to hear the angels weep. People shivered in spite of the warm church, and someone said October weddings were risky.

Still it was only an idea, of course, and it would simply have to be a case of "Happy the bride on whom the sun *doesn't* shine."

I think she was happy, too, in her way, of course. Prominent and influential churches invited Mr. Forest to minister to their spiritual needs, and Mrs. Forest enjoyed her position as wife of a preacher of such prominence. She was proud when people spoke of the "Punshon of Canadian Methodism," and she wondered why her husband should seem to so lightly esteem these honours.

He knew and wondered not. Beneath the babble of applause he heard an undertone that fell upon his ear as hideous discord. His wife was gay—she mixed freely with the people whose god was not the Lord, prayer-meeting bored her, and she found nothing attractive in any work for the uplifting and bettering of humanity.

A strange wife for a minister to choose, so people said. They added that if he were like some men he would go down under the weight of his wife's pernicious influence.

He was not like some men, however, and his consecrated talent kept him afloat. He lived and suffered and worked, and the result was not a cipher, but it would have been far greater if—if the echo of spoken words shall take form again and respeak the solemn truth—"If she be a wrecker's light his chances to win souls are mightily lessened."

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR.

Farewell, Old Year, we walk no more together,
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh;
And, crowned with yellow brake and withered heather,
I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky.

Here, in the dim light of a gray December,
We part in smiles, and yet we meet in tears,
Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember
I thought thee saddest born of all the years.

I knew not then what precious gifts were hidden
Under the mists that veiled thy paths from sight;
I knew not then that joy would come unbidden
To make thy closing hours divinely bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,
I only heard the plash of icy rain;
And, in that winter gloom, I found no token
To tell me that the sun would shine again.

Oh, dear old year, I wronged a Father's kindness;
I would not trust Him with my load of care,
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness,
And lo! He blessed me with an answered prayer.

Good-bye, kind Year! We walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And, from thy wreath of faded fern and heather,
I take some sprays and wear them on my heart.

ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

THE Victorian era will forever be counted one of the most notable in the history of Great Britain, and of the world. Few sovereigns of any land have ever reigned so long, and none have ever reigned so well as the Island Queen. Her benign sway extends over more millions of human beings than any other, except the feeble control, if control it can be called, of the Emperor of China over his tottering realm. Beyond the Indus, where the foot of an Alexander faltered, she rules a populous empire ; and the forty colonies of Greater Britain throughout the world cover one-fifth of the land surface and one-fourth of its population.

We have reviewed in these pages Mrs. Latimer's previous volumes on France, and Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century. To English-speaking people the present volume is of still greater interest. The writer has special advantages for preparing this book. Her father was for fifty years an officer of the Royal Navy, rising to the post of rear-admiral. Her own recollections go back before the reign of Queen Victoria. When I was born, says Mrs. Latimer, England had made very little material progress since the time of Queen Elizabeth. The reign of steam had just begun. The use of gas was almost unknown. Guttapercha had not been applied to its thousand modern uses. America raised but little cotton, manufactured less, and printed none. Thousands of cottage weavers threw the shuttle in the noisy hand looms. Postage was a heavy tax. Half a century earlier Wesley had run a furrow through English soil whence stirred new life in all the churches. Taxation, as Sidney Smith tells us, was crushing. The factories were filled with women and children standing all day at their monotonous labour in a polluted atmosphere, or toiled long hours in the darksome mine—even infants of four or five dragging sledge tubs on all fours through tunnels too low for a grown person. Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," and Lord Ashley's passionate zeal brought about a much needed reform. Elizabeth Fry carried light and air and the blessings of the Gospel into darksome dungeons. The secret of her Christ-like life is found in her own words, "Since my heart was touched at seventeen, I believe I have never awakened from sleep in sickness or in health, by night or by day, without my first thought being, How can I serve my Maker."

This book does not profess to be an exhaustive history, but a series of pictures of the times, and sketchy "historical gossip" and anecdotes, which give perhaps truer ideas of the period than much dry-as-dust history. The writer sketches the sombre close of the reign of the poor blind and mind-beclouded King George III., the domestic and social infelicities of the times of George IV. and William IV., the Corn Law riots, and the many stirring events accompanying the Reform Bill.

With the accession of the maiden queen, a brighter day dawns and a purer air breathes around us. The characters of Canning, Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Beaconsfield and Gladstone, are strongly limned. The Cabul Massacre, the Indian Mutiny, and the career of those dauntless heroes, Wellington, Havelock, Lawrence, Colin Campbell and Outram, who maintained the name and fame of England in leaguered fortress and on tented field, are recorded.

The sketches of the pure, sweet domestic life of the English Queen and of her children, add a personal interest to the book. "I have heard Fanny and Charles Kemble," says Mrs. Latimer, "and other great readers, but I have never heard any who equal Queen Victoria. It was a revelation of the possibilities of a thing familiar." The writer was one of the few who saw her coronation and witnessed also her jubilee.

We are favoured with an extract from a rather radical poem by England's "Grand Old Man," of whom a sympathetic sketch is given. He and Mrs. Gladstone attribute much of his health to the fact that he *will* have the Sabbath to himself and his family undisturbed by any of the agitations of business, the cares of state, or even the recreations of literature and scholastic study. The book abounds in quotable passages for which we have not space. One of its most attractive features is its twenty-seven admirable full-page portraits of the sovereigns, princes and princesses, soldiers and statesmen of Great and Greater Britain.

* *England in the Nineteenth Century.* By ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER. Chicago : A. C. McClurg & Company. Toronto : William Briggs. Price, $2.50.

FIVE BOOKS OF SONG.*

THE accomplished editor of the *Century Magazine* needs no introduction to the reading world as a poet of high order. We venture the opinion that few sweeter, purer, stronger poems have appeared on this continent than many in this volume. The hymns and poems on the Celestial Passion, especially many of the sonnets, in their expression of pure and noble love, are worthy of a place beside Browning's tribute to his poet-wife, or even with the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" of Mrs. Browning herself.

These poems are the outcome and expression of the broad culture, the love of art, of music, of letters, of nature, which are the flower of our higher Christian civilization. The marked compression of these poems is one of the most striking characteristics; as, for instance, in the following Song of a Heathen sojourning in Galilee, A.D. 32:

If Jesus Christ is a man—
And only a man—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to Him,
And to Him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a God—
And the only God—I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!

Some of the occasional odes and memorial poems breathe the spirit of lofty patriotism. It is surprising that the "White City" has called forth so few first-class poems. The Greek lyrists, had they such a theme, would have written on it in immortal verse. Mr. Gilder's two poems on the subject are the best we have seen. The poet's genius is essentially lyrical—short, swift swallow-flights of song—yet some of the longer odes show that he is capable of sustained flight on stronger pinion. He is at his best, we think, in his sonnets, perfect as a gem, as in the following example:

What is a sonnet? 'tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath:
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:
A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
For like a fiord the narrow floor is laid
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

A NEW YEAR WISH.

Eph. iii. 18-19.

I THINK of thee to-night, dear friend,
As fast the old year dies;
I would that I could clasp thy hand,
And gaze into thine eyes,
While I my New Year wishes whisper low,
Into thine ear, while fast the moments go.

That thou might'st daily comprehend
The breadth and depth and height
Of that great love of Christ our Lord,
Is my fond wish to-night;
That His own love, which o'er all love transcends,
May fill thy heart with peace which never ends.

OTTAWA, Ont.

We stand upon the threshold now
Of that unknown New Year;
We tremble, tho' we scarce know why
Our hearts should dream of fear.
We've walked secure in paths of light and love,
Thro' days now gone; why should these darker prove?

For thee, within the unknown days
Should sorrow be in store,
Dear friend, thou then shalt dearer be.
I'll love thee even more
Than now, when sunshine gilds each passing day,
And we in peace pursue our onward way.

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* *Five Books of Song.* By RICHARD WATSON GILDER. New York: The Century Company. Toronto: William Briggs. 240 pages. Price, $1.50.

Current Topics and Events.

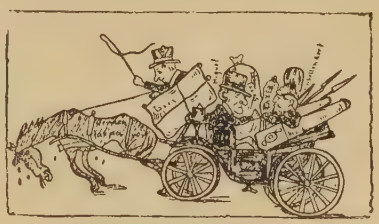
The Old and the New Czar.

THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

All the world seemed to watch by the bedside of the dying Czar. Much sincere sympathy was felt for the man who, despite his faults, was the main preserver of peace in Europe. His was a strangely contradictory character. He possessed all the domestic virtues. He was a loving husband, a tender father. He was a pious man according to his lights. He sat by the bedside of his English nurse and read to her the Bible, and followed with tearful eyes her body to the grave. He was at the same time a reactionary autocrat, suppressing the aspirations for liberty and constitutional government of 120,000,000 human beings. He was a remorseless persecutor of the Stundists and other religious Nonconformists, and of 4,000,000 of his Jewish subjects whom he seemed determined to dragoon into the Greek Church or to exile from his empire. Some allowance, however, must be made for the man over whose head hung a sword of Damocles, and who was continually in terror of violent death. Yet, while the emancipator of 20,000,000 serfs died by the bomb of the assassin, this reactionary persecutor died in the bosom of his family, surrounded by "love, obedience, troops of friends." "Nothing in his life became him like his leaving it."

Seldom, if ever, in history was there so sudden a transition from the feudal pomp and gloom of a state funeral to the splendid pageantry of a state marriage. The new Czar seems to be a man of different mettle from his sire ; of broader mind and more benignant character. He has an opportunity to bless the world by assuring peace to Europe, and guiding the progress of liberty in his vast empire such as God never gave to any man before. A close alliance with Britain would doubtless greatly tend towards the disarming of Europe, and carry joy to the home of every Cossack of the Don, of every peasant of the Ukraine, of every exile in Siberia, of the war-worn, army-ridden populations of western Europe.

The following cut, from the Berlin *Wasp*, expresses the present situation in



WAR-BURDENED EUROPE.

Europe. The poor, staggering horse represents the war-burdened people, almost exhausted by dragging a load of cannon, soldiers, and other military expenditure. Strange that they so long submit to it.

The Armenian Atrocities.

The dreadful massacres in the highlands of Armenia, like the "Bulgrocities" of eighteen years ago, have excited the horror of Europe. It is time, if the "unspeakable Turk" cannot protect his Christian subjects in Armenia, that he should give place to someone who can. It seems to be the part of England from the time of Cromwell to be the defender of the oppressed in every land ; and England, or Russia, or both, should with a strong hand suppress and punish the nefarious Kurds who have pillaged and plundered, maltreated and massacred the hapless Armenians from time immemorial. We glean from the current press the following items respecting these peoples.

"In the rugged highlands and elevated

plateaux which constitute North-eastern Turkey are scattered the last remnants of a race which once played a great part in the history of the region. The Armenians are unarmed, cowed by oppression, for centuries the unresisting prey of the savage brutality of their neighbours. The Kurd is armed, predatory and savage, and has for centuries ravaged these Armenian villages at will. When a dry season comes or when spring freshets drown the fields, the Kurdish flocks and herds perish of hunger, and their owners take to the warpath, just as the English and Scottish borderers used to do in the days which Walter Scott has painted. To them Armenia is a happy hunting-ground. The soil is rich and the people well off; comfortable villages in the midst of thriving farms are encountered in every valley, and in attacking them the Kurds are encouraged by the thought that they are doing a work which is grateful to God, for the Armenians are Christians and are regarded by the followers of Ali as 'heathen hordes.' The word Kurd means a thief, a robber, a murderer, and a corsair. They flourished, probably in the same form as now, in the early ages of the Babylonian empire, and the young men served in Nebuchadnezzar's army. There is a ruined temple at Pai Kuli, in Kurdistan, in which inscribed tablets have been found, implying a high state of civilization perhaps anterior to that of Nineveh. Kurdish chieftains commanded contingents in the army of Saladin at the time of the crusades. Since Kurdistan passed under the control of the Porte, the Sultans have used the ferocity of the Kurds to curb the aspirations of Christian Armenia."

The Eastern Problem.

THE CHINESE EMPEROR.

We live in stirring times. Almost under our eyes events are taking place in the East which may change the history of the Orient for all the future. The new constitutional empire of Japan a very Hercules even in its cradle, is giving evidence of unsuspected power. For many years the vast empire of China, with its teeming millions, was a menace to civilization. It was deemed possible that its countless hordes might descend in another wave of semi-barbarism like the Huns, upon the civilization of Asia and Europe. But at the challenge of the youthful David this modern Goliath has fallen prostrate. The unwieldly empire has collapsed with the weight of its own corruption, and Japan becomes the greatest military power in the East. Doubtless God will overrule these events to the extension of His kingdom. China will have to be re-organized and its stolid opposition to Western civilization will, doubtless, give way to an acceptance of the institutions and appliances of Christian civilization. Thus will be opened up a way for the Son of man.

County Councils in England.

The new municipal organization secured for every parish in England by the Methodist statesman, the Right Hon. Henry Fowler, of whose career we present a sketch elsewhere, is already working wonders in the old land. Hodge is waking up from his long lethargy and is surprised to find himself invested with power to manage his village affairs in his own way, as we have long done in Canada. The squire, the colonel and the parson have been "sitting on his chest ever since the days of the Heptarchy," but they find that the centre of power has been shifted to the broad shoulders of the tiller of the soil. The children will still learn their catechism, we suppose, but the democratized communities will not be content "to order themselves humbly and lowly before their betters" as heretofore. The bestowment of the franchise will be a great educator of the people, as we have found it in our own land. It is amazing that the Mother Country has been so long in widening her municipal institutions in the manner we have them in Canada, "broad-based upon a people's will."

The Moody Meetings.

The greatest lay-apostle of the age twice a day for twenty days filled our largest hall with eager listeners to the old, old Gospel, told with a plainness and simplicity that a child might understand. Probably no man ever lived who addressed so many millions of people. Wesley and Whitefield may have spoken to as vast assemblies on Moorfield or at Gwenap Pit, but much of their prolonged ministries was amid sparse village populations. No former evangelist ever had such hearty sympathy from all

the Christian Churches, or had such ample audience-rooms provided.

His work is a striking illustration of what the Spirit and power of God can enable a man of very ordinary gifts and of meagre educational advantages to accomplish. But he is deeply read in the oracles of God. It was an evidence of the higher unity amid the minor differences of Protestantism that the ministers and members of nearly all the Evangelical Churches were active participants in this revival work. It was the augury of a brighter day to the Church to see so many active young business laymen taking part in these evangelistic services. It must have been very gratifying to Mr. Massey to see his noble gift to the city of Toronto thus consecrated to the higher well-being of the community. By this benefaction and the gift of the Fred Victor Mission he has laid our city under an untold debt of obligation.

Civic Morality.

We are justly proud of the name and fame of our good city throughout the world. In a letter to the writer, Dr. Sims remarked that after a visit to Toronto he always felt a conviction of sin for the American cities. This fact makes us blush with a deeper tinge of shame for the revelations of civic "boodling" by men sworn to defend the best interests of the community. The callousness of conscience which enabled some to defend their tergiversation is the most astounding feature of the whole affair. We trust that stern justice will be meted out. We trust that the honesty and inflexible fidelity of many of our aldermen may be cleansed from the stigma brought upon them by the venality or fraud of some of their associates. Civic institutions on this continent are on their trial. By the efforts chiefly of one man and a host of noble women, the Augean stable of New York has been cleansed—for a time. Let preachers of righteousness and the good women of these kindred nations do their duty, and Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Montreal, and other cities shall enter upon a higher stage of civic morality.

Europe Revisited.

The Editor of the Magazine has had the pleasure and privilege of visiting, several times, the Continent of Europe, and becoming somewhat familiar with its principal tourists' routes and places of historic or romantic interest. The duties of his office are both onerous and exacting, and only by an occasional vacation trip is he able to keep up his working powers.

During the approaching summer he purposes to make another comprehensive tour, in which health, recreation and education by travel will be sought. His route will include England, Scotland, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland and Belgium, and will afford time and opportunity to visit the things best worth seeing at London, Edinburgh, Paris, Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, Milan, the Italian and Swiss lakes, the most famous of the Swiss Passes, the Upper and Lower Rhine, Strasburg, Heidelberg, Nuremberg, Luther's country—Cobourg, Eisenach, Erfurt—Frankfort, Mayence, Cologne, Brussels, Antwerp, Rotterdam, etc. His experience in travel, and familiarity with the route and the things best worth seeing, will enable his companions in travel to make this trip at the least expense of time and money.

Several friends have accompanied his former excursions of foreign travel, and others desire an opportunity of joining this one. Any person wishing further information may address the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

WATCH-NIGHT.

Watch, Brethren, watch!
The year is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch!
Old Time is flying.
Watch as men watch with parting breath,
Watch as men watch for life or death.
Eternity is drawing nigh.

Pray, brethren, pray!
The sands are falling;
Pray, brethren, pray!
God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime,
We kneel upon the edge of time.
Eternity is drawing nigh.

Look, brethren, look!
The day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark!
The dead are waking.
With girded loins we ready stand,
Behold the Bridegroom is at hand!
Eternity is drawing nigh.

—*Horatius Bonar, D.D.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Rev. C. H. Kelly, Book Steward, has received a collection of specimens of almost all the society tickets issued since the foundation by John Wesley of the United Society, from 1730. Some of them contain the autographs of George Whitefield, and most of Wesley's helpers who took a prominent part in early Wesleyan Methodist history.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society employs 130 ordained European ministers and 190 other ministers who are natives of the countries where they labour. Missions are established in such historic world-centres as Paris, Vienna, Rome, Naples, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Benares, Hong Kong, Canton and Mandalay; and in such new places as Pretoria, Johannesburg and Salisbury. The Gospel is thus preached to ignorant and ungodly Protestants and Roman Catholics; to Hindus, Buddhists and Mohammedans; to devil-worshippers and pagans of the lowest and most degraded type.

It is amazing how much missionary money is raised at some of the villages of England. Hessay, near Hull, contains eighty-six inhabitants, and the sum of $200 is the annual amount raised. The day of the missionary meeting is the great day of the year, when hundreds come to the service from adjacent villages. The farmers keep open house and a grand time is enjoyed.

Methodist Episcopal.

Three heathen temples have been occupied by the North China Mission in the growth of its premises, and Dr. Taft is calling for $4,000 with which to purchase a fourth one.

As there is a large debt resting on the Missionary Society, $175,764, it is hoped that the Epworth Leagues will raise $75,000 as a thank-offering towards its reduction.

Additional missionaries have recently been sent both to China and Japan.

There are five branches of Methodism working in Japan. These bodies are reported to be very harmonious with each other, and there have been several seasons of the most whole-souled fellowship.

Bishop Taylor has opened a new mission station in the Barde country. Dr. Jennie Taylor, his niece, accompanied the Bishop as physician in his mission work. She was well pleased with what she saw, and even "enjoyed her walk of five hundred miles from the head of steamboat navigation, and had not been sick a minute since her arrival."

The corner-stone of the new Five Points Mission, New York, was recently laid by Bishop Foster. The new building will cost $130,000. During the existence of the Mission, 38,000 children have been rescued and educated, and many of them are now occupying good and even high positions in society.

Chaplain McCabe said recently: "Since Ingersoll has been speaking against the Bible, the Methodist Church has built in this country 10,000 churches. Ingersoll's lectures have not overturned one mourners' bench."

The Church Extension Board appropriated $315,800 for their work during the current year. In Michigan $50,000 has been expended and $30,000 received, and now two hundred churches are imperilled.

Rev. Mr. Lambert, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, is now connected with Calvary Church, working under the direction of Chaplain McCabe among the French of New York City.

In seventy-five years the Church has contributed to missions over $25,000,000, a sum equal to the entire annual expenses of the Federal Government before the war, exclusive of the Army and Navy.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Here is what is said respecting Bishop Fitzgerald at one of the Conferences. Just before reading the appointments, which he realized were all hard ones, his inimitable humour and pathos softened, as far as possible, the hard conditions. His own comment on it next day was, "One had to whistle a little going through that graveyard." A newspaper

reporter said, "He'd make a fellow feel good if he were going to be hanged."

The preachers' reports were painful in the deficiencies in salaries and collections. The wonder is how they have lived. And yet almost without exception they go forth cheerfully to another year of labour and privation. Nothing but the love of Christ could thus constrain.

Rev. Dr. S. A. Steel, editor of the young people's organ which is designated the *Epworth Era*, is a bright and versatile writer, and his paper bids fair to be one of the popular journals in connection with the Epworth League movement.

Methodist New Connexion.

Preparations are being made to celebrate the centenary of the denomination in 1897. It is proposed to raise at least $300,000, which will be appropriated to liquidate debts on connexional property, and build churches, schools and manses, and also to extend help to connexional funds and increase the college endowment. Already about $70,000 has been promised, $11,825 of which is subscriptions from ministers.

Primitive Methodist.

Mr. W. P. Hartley, J.P., Missionary Treasurer, has given several munificent gifts to the Church of his choice. His last gift is presenting a copy of the Rev. Adam Smith's new book, "Historical Geography of the Holy Land," to two hundred ministers. This book is reported as "one of the most valuable and helpful works published for some time past." Could not other wealthy laymen follow Mr. Hartley's example and make their ministers a present of the work?

The Jubilee Fund has now reached $230,220; about $20,000 more is required to reach the amount proposed. Are there not many friends of Primitive Methodism in Canada who might aid their fathers in England in their jubilee movement?

The Aliwal Mission in Africa is prospering. In less than a quarter of a century nine hundred natives and colonists have been gathered into the Church.

Six representatives have been appointed to confer with the same number of representatives of the Bible Christian Church relative to a union of the two denominations.

Bible Christian Church.

This branch of Methodism is very aggressive in Australia. The sitting accommodation of the churches provide for 18,700 persons, and the value of the trust property is $450,000. The "Way" College has doubled the number of pupils during the past two years, and has realized a profit of $7,000. On the subject of Union, out of thirty-four quarterly meetings in the colony, one had failed to consider the question, one voted against it, and thirty-two declared in its favour.

Governor Way, of South Australia, is a Bible Christian and the son of a minister of that body. During the General Conference of the Wesleyan Church in Adelaide, he invited the members to a banquet at the government house. The guests were invited to the governor's country residence. This is said to be the first occasion on which Her Majesty's representative has officially entertained the members of a Methodist Conference assembled from such an extensive area as the seven colonies of Australasia.

The Methodist Church.

Dr. Sutherland, the General Missionary Secretary, has been making an extensive journey among the missions in the British Columbia and Manitoba Conferences.

The Revs. Dr. Eby, John Macdougall and John Shaw, D.D., the Assistant Missionary Secretary, are very busy attending missionary anniversaries. Unless the sum of $250,000 is contributed, the allowances to the missionaries will be greatly curtailed.

Recent intelligence does not intimate any interference with our mission work in West China. Several schools have been opened in Chentu. Many of the parents are extremely poor. It is estimated that $25 per year will support one of these children. Could not many of our Sabbath-schools and Epworth Leagues undertake to support one scholar each and thus aid the Society? The Rev. D. V. Lucas supports two of those children.

Mr. Hart A. Massey, of Toronto, has erected a noble structure in honour of the memory of his deceased son, which he has designated Fred Victor Hall, and has deeded it for mission purposes in connection with the Metropolitan Church. Services of various kinds will be conducted, and every means will be adopted to promote both the temporal and spiritual welfare of those who may be drawn thither. In connection with the mission there is also a Model Lodging House, where meals and beds are supplied at the most moderate rates.

The Deaconess' Home on McGill Street is now in good working order. The ladies in connection with the Home are visiting the abodes of the poor, where they have already found several cases of extreme suffering. The Deaconesses can render assistance to those who need their aid in sickness.

It is not generally known that Rev. John Hunt is the Methodist pastor for the General Hospital, Toronto. He visits this abode of sickness and suffering at least two or three times a week, and conducts worship with the inmates. He also preaches every Sabbath evening, unless some brother minister may relieve him. Brother Hunt's services are highly appreciated, not only by those who are Methodists, of whom there are seldom less than sixty, but also others who are glad to receive spiritual comfort at his hands. He also occasionally visits the other hospitals, even Roman Catholic, to which he always obtains ready access. Methodism in Toronto is thus taking its share of social work and providing for the wants of the body as well as the soul.

Recent Deaths.

The crowded state of our columns for the last three months prevented us noticing the names of those who have joined the majority. We record a few of those honoured names :

Dr. James M. McCosh, the well-known President of Princeton College, died Nov. 16th. He was born in Scotland, in 1811. He took an active part in the organization of the Free Church. After being some years in the pastorate, he became college professor in Scotland, and afterwards in Ireland, and finally died at Princeton, N.J. He served his generation well, and left behind him some valuable works which he prepared during his professorial years.

Dr. James Strong, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, occupied a foremost position in the cause of ministerial education. He was at one time Principal of Drew Theological Seminary. His largest works were the Cyclopedia which he prepared in connection with Dr. McClintock, and the Concordance which was finished a short time before his death.

Rev. Francis Bottome, D.D., also of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was brought to God in England, came to Canada, where he preached a short time, then went to New York and spent several years in the pastorate. He visited his native land last fall, and while travelling the vehicle was overturned and he was suddenly removed to his eternal home. Two of his sons are clergymen, and his widow is an intelligent lady who has long been a prominent organizer of the "King's Daughters."

The Methodist Church lost a valuable member when the Hon. Billa Flint entered into rest. When he died he was believed to be the oldest member in the Methodism of Canada. He was nearly ninety years of age. For many years he was Sabbath-school Superintendent in the city of Belleville. The Hon. M. Bowell when announcing his death in the Legislature at Ottawa, pronounced a fine eulogium upon him, and stated that sixty years ago he, Mr. Bowell, was a scholar in the school of which the deceased gentleman was Superintendent.

David B. Uppergraff, a well-known minister of the Society of Friends, laboured extensively in the United States as an evangelist. He was a consistent advocate of the "Higher Life," and was abundantly successful in turning men to righteousness.

The Rev. W. Lund, of Niagara Conference, was removed from the Church militant October 29th. He entered the itinerancy in 1853 and laboured hard, mostly on country circuits, until 1880, when he took a superannuated relation and settled in Woodstock, where, as far as his health would permit, he assisted in Church work.

The Rev. H. Shaler also died in October. He had been in the ministry since 1828, though superannuated in 1854. He was in the Methodist ministry more than fifty years, and had passed the ninetieth milestone of the journey of life when the Master called him home. He was a man greatly beloved.

The Rev. W. Gibson, of the Wesleyan Conference, England, has long been known as one of the pillars of Methodism in France. For many years he has devoted himself with great zeal to the work of Christian evangelization in Paris. He spent hundreds of pounds of private income in the support of the work which he believed to be so eminently adapted to the wants of that place of pleasure.

Book Notices.

History, Prophecy and the Monuments. By James Frederick McCurdy, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Oriental Languages in University College, Toronto. Vol. I., to the Downfall of Samaria. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison. Price, $3.00.

It is gratifying to observe the literary activity of our young Provincial University. The writings of Sir Daniel Wilson, Professor Ashley, Professor Chapman, Dr. Tracy, and now the portly volume by Dr. McCurdy, shed lustre on this Canadian institution. The subject discussed in the present volume is one of profound importance. "It is undertaken primarily," says the learned author, "in the interest of the study of the Old Testament. Its aim is to enable its readers to apprehend in its true relations the history of that ancient people through whom the world has gained most of its heritage of moral and spiritual light and power."

It is the purpose of the volume to place the Hebrew nation in true historical perspective; to discuss the vast political, social, moral, and religious environments which have been so much ignored or misconceived. Their antecedents, their racial affinities and vital inter-relations with contemporary peoples are here explained. "They thus become," says the author, "more human, more interesting, and therefore, more moral and helpful to us, the more we regard them in the light of their historical attributes and achievements."

Dr. McCurdy begins with the study of the whole region of Western Asia, whose physical features so largely conditioned the fortunes of the Hebrews. To this he adds a discussion of those ancient peoples with whom they were associated, as well as of the national movements in which they took part. "To study the history of the Hebrews in its relations and due proportions," he adds, "is not to depreciate their unique divine vocation; it is rather to exalt it by making it more intelligent and reasonable, by bringing it better within the range of our vision and nearer to our sympathies.

"The recent discoveries in the history of those Semitic peoples are bringing before us," continues the author, "the real 'youth time of the world' as it was lived through in days antedating the days of Homer by as long an interval as that which separates us from the oldest monuments of Greece."

Dr. McCurdy has brought to his important task a profound study of original sources of imformation which have been so greatly multiplied in recent years. This book will be of great value not only to students of theology but also to all who are interested in the providential development of the race. We are so impressed with its importance that we shall put it into competent hands as the subject of a special article.

Methodist Hymn and Tune Book. Compiled and published by authority of the General Conference of the Methodist Church. Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House. Montreal: Methodist Book-Room. Halifax: Methodist Book-Room. Small quarto. Cloth, $2.50 net.

This portly volume is one of the most important and expensive which has ever been issued from our connexional press. It has involved a vast deal of labour from many competent persons. A large number of choir leaders throughout our Church were consulted at the outset and requested to send in lists of tunes which were most used in their churches. In this way the experience of many practical musicians has been utilized; for the last three years they have worked faithfully to produce such a book as would meet the needs of our Church for many years to come. As many as possible of the familiar tunes, which have become endeared to our congregations through long use, have been retained, while a number of first-class new ones have been inserted so as to provide variety and suit all tastes.

Great care has been taken to place in connection with each hymn a tune that is appropriate to the sentiment of the words. Old associations have been regarded, and several hymns and tunes that have been happily united for many years have not now been put asunder.

The book has been edited by Messrs. F. H. Torrington, organist of the Metropolitan Church, and T. C. Jeffers, organist of the Central Church, Toronto. This

is a sufficient guarantee that the work has been efficiently done.

This book will be found of great service not only in the choirs but also in the congregations of our churches. There are many people in the pews who would be greatly assisted by having both music and words before them. There can be no doubt but that the general introduction of this book into all our churches would greatly improve the congregational singing.

Much pains has been taken, in many cases at large cost, to secure use of copyright tunes by greatest living or recent composers and no expense has been spared in presenting a clear, handsome, open page. The book is published in three sizes and prices. By a process of photographic etching, not previously used on so large a scale in Canada, each of the smaller books is an accurate copy of the other. Only the very large sale which is anticipated can repay the cost of production.

Christian Doctrine and Morals. Viewed in their Connection; being the twenty-fourth Fernley Lecture, delivered in Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, July 27th, 1894. By GEORGE G. FINDLAY, B.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The Fernley Lectures, preached before the Wesleyan Conference, have uniformly been of a high order. The present one, expanded for publication, treats in an able manner a most important subject. The anthor quotes Dr. Dale on the defects of the Evangelical Revival of the eighteenth century. It dealt too little with practical life, it shrank from politics, it regarded literature and art with distrust, and failed to "leaven substantially the mass of our complex and in many respects disordered and unhappy European civilization." The object of this lecture is to point out the moral foundations upon which the Christian construction of society rests. The author notes the wide divergence as to the data of ethics, from those formerly held, by such writers as Karl Pearson, and Mr. Grant Allen's frank and shameless confession of the New Hedonism, in which all moral obligation seem to be utterly ignored. "By this new ethic," says our author, "the basis of our family relations, in which lie the core and vital tissue of social and national existence, is openly and resolutely assailed. The struggle has become a conflict *pro aris et focis*—at once for our altars and our hearths." The task which the lecturer set before him is ably accomplished. The volume possesses more than usual and permanent interest.

My Lattice and Other Poems. By FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

We have had the pleasure of reading these poems in manuscript, and the impression then made is confirmed by re-reading them in print. Many of the poems are very powerfully written, as that on "Samson," on the Norse god "Thor," and in the striking poem, "The Abbot"—the three longest in the book. A classical vein is struck in the fine poem on "Dion." A Rembrandt-like etching of a little French-Canadian church by night, is given in the striking lines entitled "A Nocturne." The sonnets are of almost flawless perfection. A deep religious feeling is exhibited in the poem on "Calvary," from which we quote two stanzas:

"O soul, that art lost in immensity, craving
for light and despairing,
Here is the hand of the Crucified, pulses
of love in its veins,
Human as ours in its touch, with the
sinews of Deity bearing
The zones of the pendulous planets, the
weight of the winds and the rains.

"Here, in the heart of the Crucified, find
thee a refuge and hiding,
Love at the core of the universe, guidance and peace in the night;
Centuries pass like a flood, but the Rock
of our strength is abiding,
Grounded in depths of eternity, girt
with a mantle of light."

A Traveller from Altruria. By W. D. HOWELLS, author of "The Quality of Mercy," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs.

One of the most marked signs of the social unrest of the times is the numerous theories for the reconstruction of society. Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Morris, and now the genial author of "The Coast of Bohemia," propound their doctrines. The visitor from the ideal commonwealth of Altruria finds a great many things at fault in American society and institutions. The social castes, the race for riches, the petty piques and jealousies of fashionable life, the sensational journalism, and a score of other faults, foibles and follies are made the target for Mr. Howell's keen wit and satire.

Altruria, we learn, has abolished he monster monopolies, the absurdities of

fashion, the intense selfishness, and many other evils of modern life. Its architecture is classic but simple, the development of electricity has abolished the horse and secured the best of roads. War and coast defences—as the very name of the country implies—are non-existent; the Golden Rule is realized. "We believe ourselves the true followers of Christ, whose doctrine we seek to make our life as He made it His. Yet is the need for pity and sympathy not passed away. Altruria is a family, and as we are mortal we are still subject to those nobler sorrows which God has appointed for man. Sickness and death call out the most angelic ministries of love. Our ideal is not rights but duties." Altruria is the realization of the dream of Plato, of Augustine, of Bacon, of More,—the kingdom of God set up on earth. But the Altrurian preached to deaf ears, Dives and Lazarus alike scoffed and jeered at his message. New York and Chicago both need a moral Hercules, like Dr. Parkhurst, to cleanse their worse than Augean stables.

Vignettes of Manhattan. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs.

A great city is a microcosm of the world. It presents almost every conceivable phase of life and action—scenes, in turn, of tragedy and pathos and humour, of sordid greed and noblest ideals. Mr. Brander Matthews' Vignettes are very clever kodak pictures of its many-sided life, of the fashionable private view at the picture galleries, of the vistas of Central Park and the avenues, the odd sights of Little Italy and the Bowery, the patriotism of Decoration Day and Thanksgiving dinner, the scenes at early dawn and at midnight, the heroism of the fire brigade, and the pathos of the hospital and the funeral. The illustrations are charming studies, as good in their way as the text, which is saying a good deal.

The Crucifixion of Philip Strong. By CHARLES M. SHELDON. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

This is a strongly written book—no pun intended. It approaches the social problem at a different angle from Howell's "Altruria" noticed above. Philip Strong, a country minister, receives a call to a busy mill city and also to a pleasant college town The latter is more congenial, but he chooses the former for its greater opportunities of usefulness. He finds the churches, society and politics all dominated by mammon, greed and saloon influence. He preaches as he thinks Christ would on the evils of the times, on the right and wrong use of property, the evil of the saloons, Sunday as a day of rest and worship, the need of simpler living and the true work of the Church in coming into vital touch with the labouring classes.

He soon raises a nest of hornets. He is shot and desperately wounded by a saloon keeper. He is threatened with dagger and dynamite. His own people fall off. The moneyed men and politicians denounce him as a religious crank and try to freeze him out. In a strike riot he saves the life of his chief opponent in the Church. He declines a call to a college chair, and gives up his pleasant home and half his salary to labour among the poor. He is asked to resign, but worn out with Christly labours he dies in the act of making a supreme appeal from his pulpit.

The book has strong elements of truth. The saloon is the arch foe of religion. Its attempt on the life of Philip Strong is paralleled by the assassination of Pastor Haddock, a Methodist minister in Sioux City, Iowa, and by the murder of a young Christian Endeavour worker in the East. Mammon worship is the great rival to the worship of Christ. But the Church is not indifferent to the working classes. The Church, in spite of too frequent exceptions, is their best friend. It plants its Massey Missions, its Epworth League settlements, its Toynbee Halls, at the doors of the poor and seeks to win them to a better life. With a passionate charity like the Master, it visits the forsaken, remembers the forgotten and seeks to save that which was lost.

Naples, the City of Parthenope, and its Environs. By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT, author of "Queen of the Adriatic," etc., Crown octavo. Pp. 340. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Toronto: William Briggs. In case. Gilt top. Price, $3.00.

We have twice visited Naples, the City of the Sirens, as its pseudonym means, and hope soon to see it again. It more than any place we have ever seen, except perhaps Constantinople, meets its reputation of being one of the most beautiful places in the world. Anything more lovely than the view from San Martino is difficult to imagine. Mrs. Clement's volume is not, however, a

mere book of travel or description of scenic attractions, but an interesting account of the changeful history of this ancient city, with sketches of Neapolitan life, art and letters and a charming description of those beautiful environs, Baiæ, Cumæ, Ischia, Vesuvius, Pompeii, Sorrento, Amalfi, and others.

Hugh Price Hughes writes with enthusiasm in the last number of the *Methodist Times* of the beauty of this lovely bay, the drive along whose shores, says he, claims to be the most beautiful in the world. The memory of our former visits and explorations is a perpetual delight, and is vivified by the score of beautiful photogravures and descriptions of this elegant volume. The reproduction in tint of the famous Blue Grotto at Capri is of marvellous fidelity. The varied life and colour of Naples, the noisy street cries and musical boat songs of this busy city, by far the most populous in Italy, with over half a million of people, the tragic entombment of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the wonderful exhumation of that old Roman life of the first century, are brought vividly before us in this volume. The publishers make ample provision for its preservation by enclosing it in four cases, three of blue silk cloth and one of boards.

Tales of the Ægean, by Demetrios Bikelas. Translated by LEONARD ECKESTEIN OBDYCKE. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

It is interesting to note the revival of a national literature after a suspended animation of over one thousand years. When we were in the Levant it was very odd to read the Greek signs and placards on the wall and to find the Greek papers in the hotels. It seemed somewhat incongruous to hear the porter called Epaminondas or Themistocles. Greek national aspirations and Greek learning have been wonderfully quickened, and Byron's Lament has lost its truth, "'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

These stories, written in the language of Homer and the gods, reflect various aspects of life in the Ægean Archipelago. The name of the author is a household word in his native land and he here interprets with realistic skill Greek life of humour, pathos and heroism. The story of the Greek Priest's ministration to the dying leper is of marked power. One of his achievements has been to translate into the language of Æschylus the great dramas of Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth and Lear, and thus link together the age of Pericles and "the spacious times of Great Elizabeth."

The Discipline of the Soul: Some of its Aims and Methods. By REV. R. WADDY MOSS. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

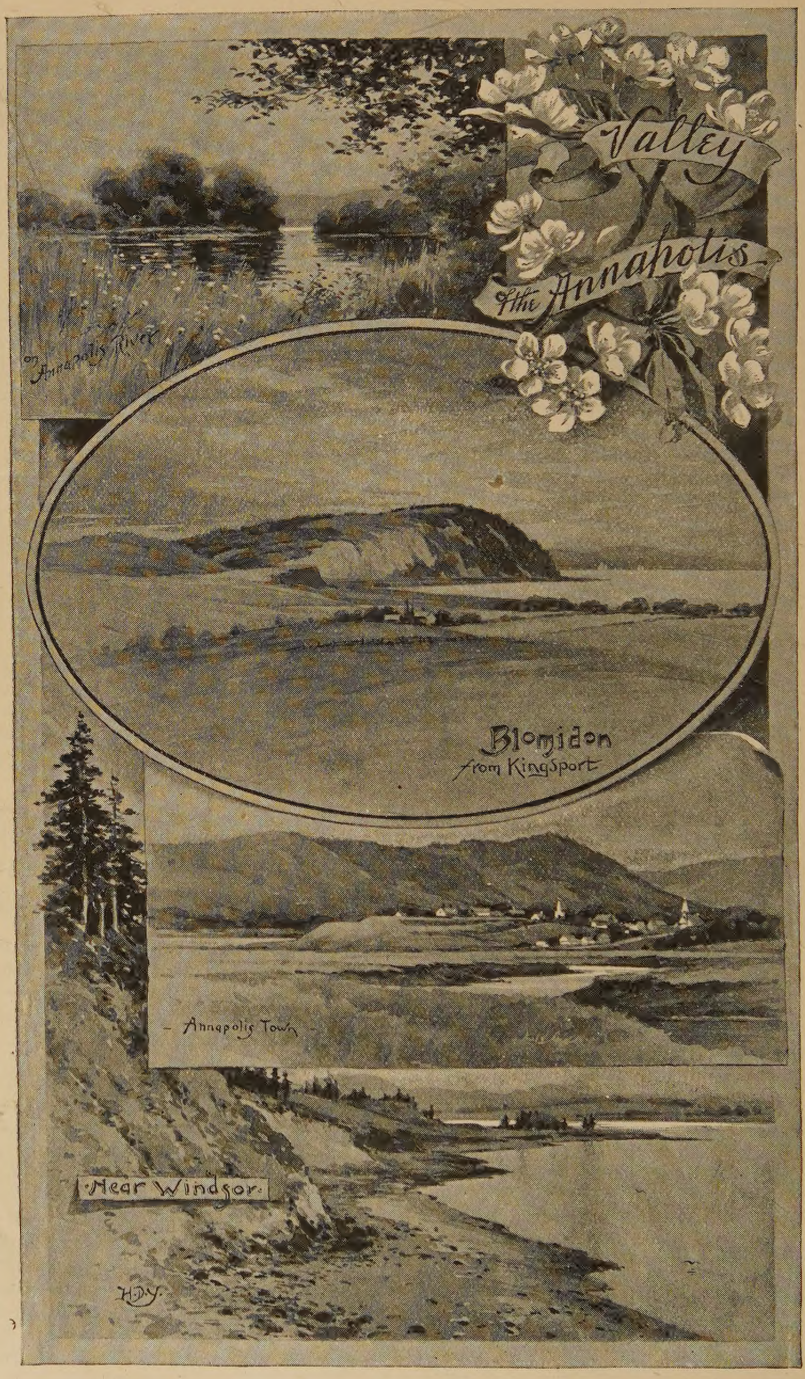
This is another of the important issues of the "Life Indeed" Series. The author discusses the plenitude of spiritual life, the evil self, the relation of the will to character and destiny, human responsibility and divine grace, the source of power, the vision of God and kindred themes of this divine vision. He says, "the conditions are of necessity moral and spiritual rather than intellectual. Not that the intellect may be despised even in relation to a kind of knowledge that is in part outside its range. When there is little in a man beside intellect the veil of the face of God is certain to prove impenetrable, or even to be deepened by dismal additions from the man's own imaginings." Of this he shows striking examples from recent literature.

Jewish Tales, Translated from the French of Leopold Von Sacher Masoch. By HARRIET LIEBER COHEN. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 317. Price, $1.00.

When Napoleon was asked the most striking proof of the fulfilment of prophecy he pointed to the Jews. Scattered among all nations they are yet a distinct people with common memories and aspirations.

"Anathema Maranatha was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street,
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked, and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet."

The Jewish writer of these sketches and stories gives us an inside view of Jewish life and character in many lands. In quaint out-of-the-way places, especially in Eastern Europe, Jewish communities keep up the traditions of their sires.



BITS IN THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.